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SEX IN MOVIE BALCONIES!
SUPER-X COLOR FILMLAND REVIEW: "INSIDE JENNIFER WELLES & "A COMING OF ANGELS"
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INTERVIEW PRISCILLA ALDEN: WHAT A 400 POUND PORNO ACTRESS SAYS ABOUT SAN FRANCISCO!

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FLICK

NOVEMBER 1977 VOL. 2 NO. 8

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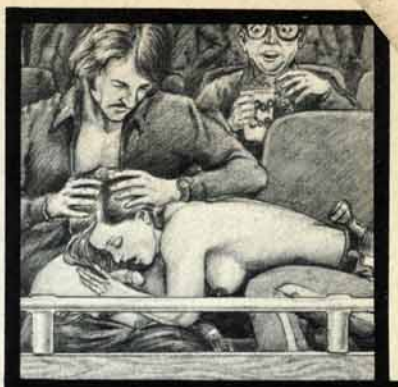

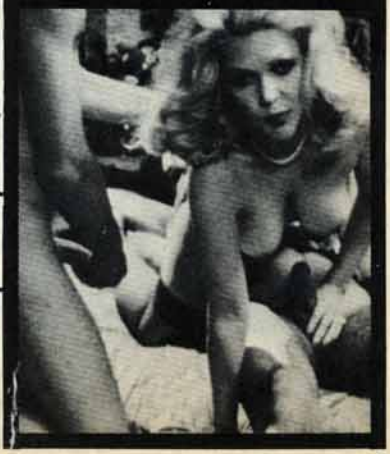

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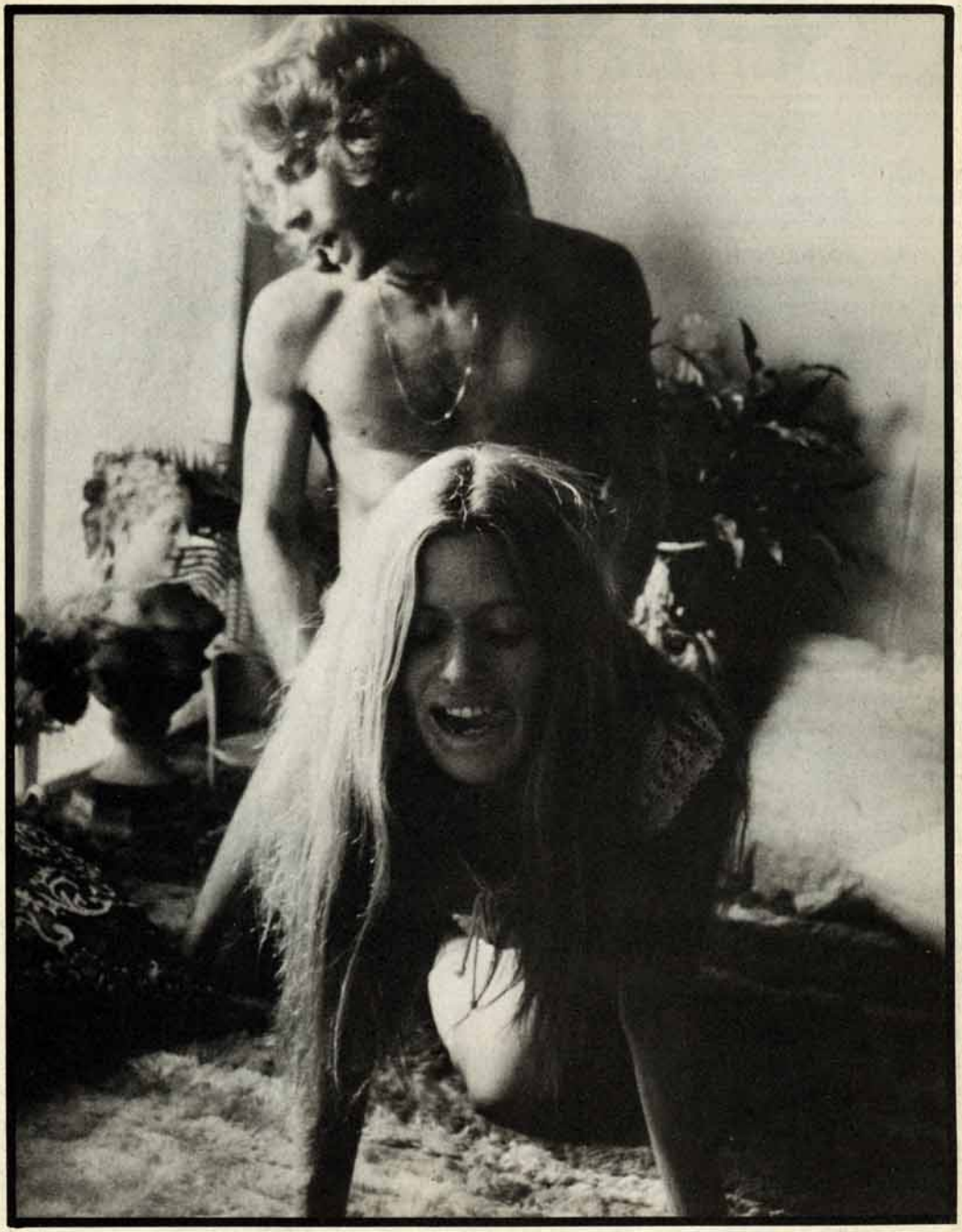
The Beautiful People



# of Open Erotica

SEE PAGE 32.

How Erotic Films Overcome Sex Problems

"X-rated films are not only erotic and entertaining, but are an education as well. You can learn a few rules to the most exciting and intimate act between people."

By Jordy McGordy

☐Are people who enjoy erotic films perverted, uneducated and anti-social? The answer is a resounding no! Despite the furor of anti-smut committees, who like locusts, always seemed to appear during political campaigns, there's nothing wrong

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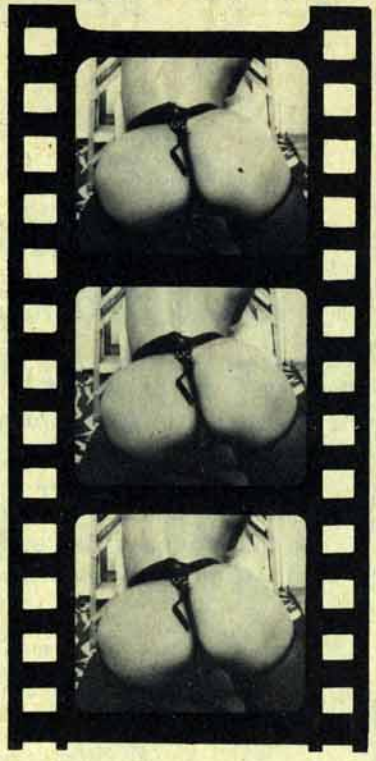
THE LATEST IN 8MM RAUNCH

By Ronald L. Smith



Great "Young Bottoms" From European Classics

☐Our feature attraction in this month's look into 8mm loops is a number from European Classics called "Young Bottoms". It's a non-stop orgy from beginning to end.

The action begins with the already undressed assortment of people eyeing the comings and goings and cummings of a lesbian couple. The chicks are deeply involved with each other, sincerely kissing each other, erotically sucking on each others' wiggling tongues with deep, vacuuming strokes. Three guys sit and watch the festivities, jerking themselves off. A third woman stands near the lesbian duo and massages her own cunt and tits, waiting to get in on the action.

A new company, Sex Obsessions, is gaining fame with their assortment of hardcore films. 8mm color films are $20 each, and last ten minutes.

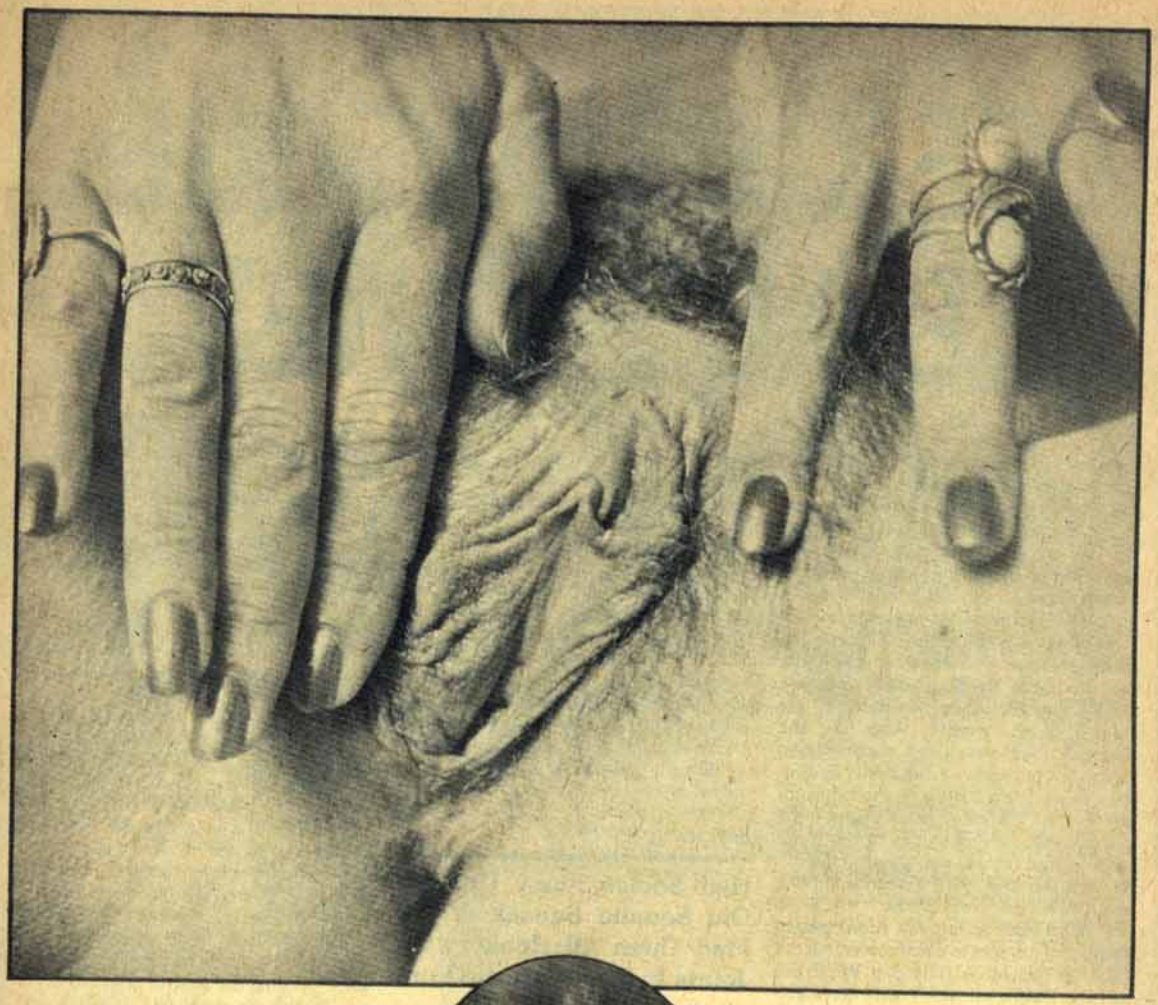
The next sequence offers examples of lesbo daisy chains-chick eating cunt, chick eating cunt, in interesting threesomes. At one point one blonde lies on the floor, another gets herself into an upside down position to suck the blonde's cunt, and while she's sucking she leaves her cunt exposed to the third girl's loving tongue. The positions are incredible and the color and camerawork show everything off excellently.

After the envigorating lesbo workout, the cream cunted sluts pair off with the men into a hot suckfest. They each suck meat, with closeups showing the stuffing. Then the three pairs do some fucking. One chick sits on the lap of the lone black guy and bounces up and down, his hot cock jabbing all the way up her ass. She takes it and begs for more, groaning and gasping. The guy jams his cock up her ass, grinding it that extra inch or two to drive her wild.

The other couple of guys and gals are all together in one big fucking, sucking jumble. A guy is lying on the bottom, a chick bouncing on his lap. A blonde is alongside sucking the chick's tits while the chick sucks the cock of the guy standing next to her.

She takes it and begs for more, groaning and gasping while the guy grinds that extra inch or two in to drive her wild.

In the next scene of this varied film, a girl bends over to suck one man's cock when the black guy harpoons her from the back and doesn't stop till he's come all over her ass. He wags his stiff black meat on her



soft white buns to make sure she gets all the cream. The girl bounces over to another cock and impales herself, closeups showing her rubbery moon bouncing over the prick as it slams her cunt.

Then in the finale, the curly blonde haired chick has center stage. She squats over a man lying down and gets a cock shoved deep in her cunt. She digs the rhythm as he snakes his pole into her hole. But that's not enough. Another guy takes her from behind so she's getting a hot meat sandwich of a cock in her cunt and another one gristling into her asshole. She's growing delerious from the double dicking but that's still not enough. The black guy comes over to finish her off—shoving his black rod into her face. She's thoroughly plugged—three cocks at once. She's being pumped by a fat cock in her cunt, stuffed by another hard hot one jamming up her asshole, and she's choking on the black cock buried down her throat. The film ends with a rain of come all over her chest and belly. Quite a ten minute exercise.

Another exercise, this one in bewildering bondage, occurs in a film from the TAO company, "Ticket for the Lady". In this softcore epic, a meter maid is given the treatment. A long haired man sees his car being ticketed and he gets mad — so he shoves the meter maid. Then he beats a hasty retreat. The meter maid runs after him, and that't her mistake. The next thing she knows, she's ambushed, dragged off to his lair. In the next scene she's totally trussed up from head to toe in tight rope and netting. She's in for another treat—in just her pink panties, she's hung by her heels from the ceiling and as the guy squeezes her tits he twirls her around, around and around. A dizzy little flick.

Most 8mm color movies are $20 each, and last ten minutes. The films from TAO are softcore (usually no pubic hair shows much less fucking or sucking) and the films cost $25. Of course TAO is a specialized firm. Their color is excellent and the movies always have good props and acting.

Another firm similar to TAO is House of Milan and they have a number of numbers on bondage themes. They've a number

(Continued on page 60)

SEX IN MOVIE BALCONIES

By Mickey Briscoe

□Felicia thoughtfully scratched her crotch, hesitating before getting dressed. She had to be down at the Pixfair Bijou in exactly thirty minutes for the morning show. Her first day on her new job. She sighed. She was still upset over getting kicked out of the Lovelip Cinema. What did she do that was so terrible? What could they expect from an usherette in a porno house? All those hot flicks got to her. She dipped a hand under her skirt while standing in the aisle and before long everybody was watching her instead of the screen. What did the manager say? Something about getting busted for promoting a live show? Ridiculous! Felicia looked at the film schedule for the Pixfair. All *old* movies. Could she possibly stand the boredom of black and white revival movies eight hours a day?

"Right on time, Miss Farbleman. I like that. Walk this way please. You'll be handling the balconies today. I don't usually like to give this spot to a newcomer, but the girl we had scheduled is ill today. Watch out up here. People who don't really come into the place to watch the films come up here and do all sorts of strange things. Don't try to handle it yourself. If anybody does anything funny, you just call me. O.K.?"

Felicia nodded. The Pixfair was a pretty beat-up looking theater. She glanced at her watch. The first customers would be coming in any minute. They'd see a crime double feature, an old Jimmy Cagney and an old Paul Muni. How Felicia wished it was "Suck My Bonus" or "Around the World in 69 Ways". The lights began to darken.

"Yeah, I'm tough. I'm plenty tough, wise guy," some gangster on the screen was saying. Felicia yawned and glanced around at the patrons. A handful of old geezers and some kids skipping school. And in the front row a movie freak with saucer-wide eyes absorbing every detail of the grainy film.

Felicia leaned back against the wall. "Eight hours of this each week? Old movies over and over? I couldn't stand the dialogue. Nothing much to look at either."

The girl mused about her predicament. Then she had an idea. "Why couldn't this have been an x-rated gangster flick in an x-rated movie place—like the Lovelip? I know. I'll just lean back and imagine a nice hot, freaky gangster flick! That might get me off. . . ."

The scene is the hideout.

Gangster Rocky Terrain arrives back at the dump after a hard day of work. It isn't easy when you're known as "Public Enemy Number Two"—you have to try harder. And people keep calling you "Number Two" so you feel like shit. Rocky flings down the bag of loot he stole from the bank and heads for the bathroom. And there he discovers his moll, Molly.

"All right you cock-sucking bitch! What the hell are you doing sitting in the bathtub playing with a deck of cards? You're getting them all soggy!"

High Society Pussy, Or Plain Old Squalid Squack; You'll Find Them All Honking On Joints In Your Favorite Porn Theatre!

"Haven't you ever heard of bathtub gin?"

Rocky plunges his fist into the steaming water and grabs Molly by her short hairs, sticking a finger in her pie.

"Ow! Leggo! Hey! You're supposed to be a public enemy, not a pubic enemy!"

"Serves you right! I come home and here you are, relaxing in the tub. Get out of there you bitch. Your fingers are all pruney. If you get any more wrinkles around your cunt I'll need a bookmark to find the slit!"

"Look, Rocky, there's another reason I'm taking a bath. I—I ran into trouble today. Didn't you notice the trail of blood?"

Rocky looks around and then notices faint red marks across the floor. "Gosh baby, are you ok? Did somebody shoot you?"

"No—my period came early."

"Is that all? No wonder you should take a bath. You're pretty raunchy. You shouldn't be with me. You should go join Elliot Mess and the Undouchables!"

Molly gets out of the tub and begins toweling off. Rocky smirks and takes a bullet from his gunbelt. He pushes Molly and she falls over the tub. With her face in the water and her ass in the air, Rocky takes aim, spreads her asscheeks and stuffs the bullet in her asshole. Then he turns her around and gives her a backhanded slap across the face.

"Rock-rocky, why did you do that!"

"Shit—you don't know? Damn! I never knew a broad who didn't understand a slap in the face or a slug from a 44."

"You'll regret that, Rocky. Maybe not today, maybe not tommorow, but soon. And for the rest of your life!"

Rocky smirks and bends her over again, shoving two fingers into her tight asshole and pulls out the bullet. His stiff cock pops out of his pants and he rams it to her right there in the bathroom, fucking Molly's cunt till she's glistening with blood and come.

"Oh! Oh Rocky!" she cries.

"Bite the bullet," he answers, sticking the slug in her mouth as he plunges inside her while wedging the shaft of his gun up her ass. Molly yells out a cry of delight and Rocky continues to pump away. He pulls out, clambors on top of Molly and shoots his wads into her mouth until he can only fire blanks. Molly slumps to the floor and after a few minutes of dazed calm, she slowly gets up.

"Get dressed, Molly."

"O.K.", she answers, reaching for a box of Kotex. "Hey Rocky, watch me stick a rag up into my cunt!"

"I've seen that trick a million times and you've never done it right yet."

Molly crams and crams but when she looks down she sees the white cotton edging out of her asshole. She shakes her head. "Well, I'm getting close."

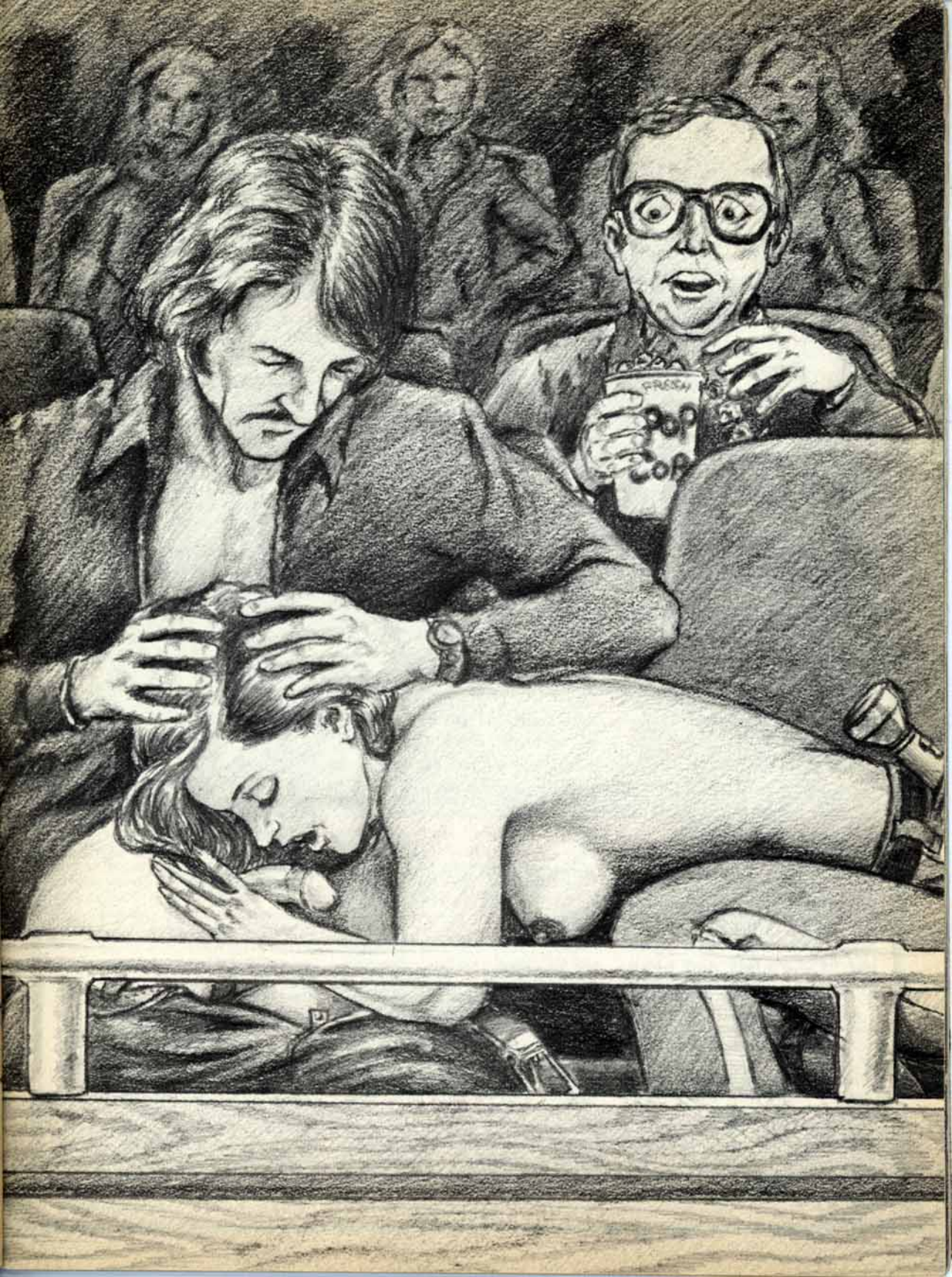
"That's just a lotta rotten cotton."

"By the way, Rocky. Here's some information for you. While I was hurrying home with my drippy ditch, I saw a whole bunch of Feds. I think they're headed this way!"

"You saw them? Were you spotted?"

"Just my underwear."

Rocky gets out his gun and rushes to the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window. Overlooking a busy intersection, it's obvious that Rocky has poor eyesight. However he does notice a group of 100 men.

"Are they out there, Rocky?"

"I don't know. All I see are 100 guys in gray suits with newspapers in front of their faces, nonchalantly reading. They look all right to me."

Molly sits on the toilet bowl and grunts and groans, trying to unwedge the Kotex from her asscrack.

"Look you dizzy bitch, will you get your cotton pickin' fingers out of your asshole and get dressed? We've got a meeting soon with Wreako."

"Oh—not Wreako, the four-foot sex maniac who ducks under women's skirts and eats them out as they walk! The guy who goes home and screws a robot woman he had built for him that stands three feet tall!"

"Yeah, he's very proficient with his machine cunt. It's none other than Wreako, also known as "Little Sleazer". Actually his last name is Wreako. His first name's Edward."

"Edward? Gee." Molly begins to get dressed. She takes her garter belt and hooks it over one shoulder. Then she takes a shoulder holster and ties it around her waist.

"Dammit Molly, you've got the positions wrong again! Get that pistol away from your crotch! I don't mind if you shoot your mouth off but with that pistol down there you're cunt could get pistoled off!"

"But the shoulder holster's uncomfortable to wear in the right place. I'm carrying two 38's plus the gun! The holster is knocking against my knockers."

"Never mind. Keep that gun on, right under your arm. You could use the protection."

Suddenly the door bursts open and 100 Feds burst in, brandishing pencils:

"Make a move Rocky, and we'll fill you full of lead!"

All those hot flicks got to her. She dipped her hand under her skirt while standing in the aisle and before long everybody was watching her instead of the screen.

"You rotten government guys. I'm fed up!"

The agents circle the apartment. One of them goes into the bathroom and looks in the tub.

"All right Rocky, who did you kill in there? Look at that mess! What a blood bath!"

"I didn't do nothing. That was Molly. It's that time of the month. You caught her red twatted."

The agent signals to the other men and they handcuff Molly and take her out. Rocky stands dumbfounded.

"Hey aren't you guys gonna arrest me?"

"Some other time, Rocky, you're just small potatoes. Your wife's more dangerous than you are, with that messy cunt of hers! The bloody bitch!"

Rocky rushes over to the table where his bag of loot is from his latest robbery. But the bag is soaked through and there's nothing inside.

The frenzied film fans were on to her, even the oldest man had a hard, fat erection pointing her way.

"I—I don't understand it."

"Rocky, did you rob a bank today?"

"Yeah—I told the teller to go into the vault—"

"You robbed the wrong bank! You robbed a Sperm bank! And the ill-gotten gain has slipped through your fingers!"

Molly rushes to the table to lick up the remains, while "Public Enemy Number Two" slips off the top ten charts forever.

There's that final scene. Molly in jail, forced to fuck all 100 Feds. They they take turns pissing on her. And while they piss on her they tell her she'll get a reduced sentence. Molly shakes her head: "That's pee bargaining, for you!"

And suddenly a river began to course through Felicia as she fingered her cunt. Her dress raised up to her waist, she let out a shriek and came six times in a minute at her gangster fantasy. Everybody in the balcony turned, squinting in the darkness to get a better view of the usherette who was fucking herself in the flickering light of the film. She pulled her panties across her cunt and straightened her dress, but it was too late. The frenzied film fans were onto her, even the oldest man had a hard fat erection pointing her way.

The young film student strode up to her, his cock so hard she could almost see it pulsate. He leaned down over her face and rubbed the hot rod across her quivering lips.

"Now—w-wait a minute, guys, "Felicia cried, backing away. She made a dash down the aisle but the poon-mad patrons were upon her. She felt a hand reach under her dress and suddenly rip her moist panties from her glistening box. She groaned as the fabric rubbed across her swollen clit. The next thing she knew a finger was inching up her cunt. She saw her panties go sailing over the balcony, and alight like a soggy parachute on the head of a man in the 19th row of the orchestra.

"Help!" Felicia cried.

"Shhhh!" echoed a chorus from downstairs.

"So, you can dish it out but ya can't take it," someone said in a low voice. She pushed free and grabbed her flashlight. She saw the horrible spectacle of three lip-twitching Bogarts, an Edward G. Robinson, and a vast majority of gesticulating Cagneys. There were all transformed by the movies on the screen just the way she had been. And their fantasies turned horny watching the way she was jerking off while envisioning her own hot gangster movie. Seeing all those guys ready and willing in the dimness of the deserted balcony—Felicia just couldn't resist.

"Let's finish the job! Do it to me!" she cried.

A new glow beamed from Felicia's eyes. Voluntarily she began to remove her clothes. The rustle of her shirt being removed, the snap of her bra strap—the men paused until she stripped down completely. She got down on her knees and they followed her twitching fanny as she felt her way along the aisle until she found a spot of fairly unspoiled carpet. Picking an errant piece of popcorn from her asscrack, she spread her legs wide.

"If you want me," she whispered, "all you've got to do is whistle!"

The film student strode up to her, his cock so hard she could almost see it pulsate. He leaned down over her face and rubbed the hot rod across her quivering lips. She looked up at him. She heard him whistle.

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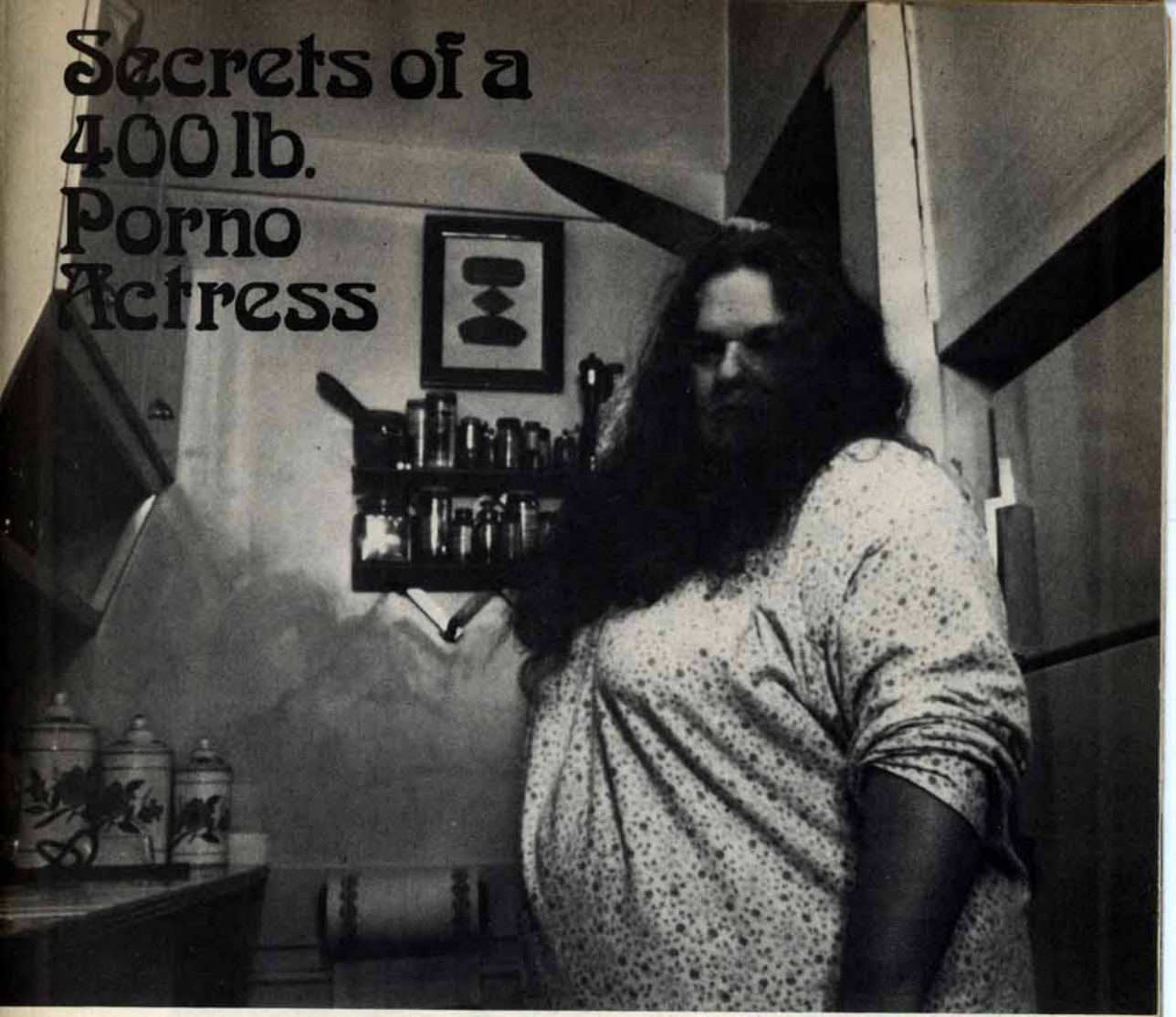
Secrets of a 400 lb. Porno Actress



■ FLICK: Priscilla, as a 400-pound star, you are the grandest woman in porn today. Tell us a little bit about your general background in drama, theater, and film in San Francisco.

PRISCILLA: Okay, I first got involved ten years ago with the Julian Theater, which is still running here in San Francisco and it made me decide that I wanted acting training, so I went to San Francisco State and got a masters in Drama while working with various local theatre companies. I've worked with everything from the local Gilbert and Sullivan group, The Lamplighters, to The magic Theater. I have—since I was at State—had some film experience like voice-overs for soft-core pornos, although I never saw any of them. They had funny names like *Pleasure Spots*. Things started looking up after I played the lead in a film called *Criminally Insane*, which was released a couple of years ago. About three years ago I did a job for the Mitchell Brothers in *Sodom and Gomorrah* and since then I have done a few hard-core movies, although I have always played non-sexual character roles in these films.

I had not conceived of screwing on camera; it was simply unthinkable. The distinction still exists for me that there are those in the industry who are actors, and those who are fuckers, and some, like Georgina Spelvin, who can do both.

FLICK: I'm interested in how you first came into contact with the porno films, as a character actress. It seems like it's quite a jump from doing campy satires on stage to actually participating in a fuck film. I'd like to know how this transition was made and how you got in touch with it.

PRISCILLA: One of the *Nickelettes* was involved with famous West Coast porn film makers, the Mitchell Brothers, working as a receptionist at the O'Farrell Theatre. It was suggested that I might do a character role in one of their films. They were casting for *Sodom and Gomorrah*. I was interviewed by one of the casting people. I was asked if I would be willing to participate in sex in front of the camera, and I said no.

FLICK: Why?

PRISCILLA: I had not conceived of screwing on camera at the time. It was just unthinkable to me. I took myself very seriously as an actress and figured that in the industry there are actors and there are fuckers. This distinction still exists for me, and I have seen more fuckers than actors in porn films.

FLICK: I've read that a lot of porn filmmakers do make this distinction between actors and fuckers, and claim that most participants in fuck films are fuckers, although Georgina Spelvin is basically an

San Francisco's Priscilla Alden Talks About Her Life & Art To Flick's West Coast Bureau Chief Howard Bart

actress and secondly a fucker. But that controversy does exist, and I can see why there would be a question in your mind.

PRISCILLA: Even though I wouldn't perform sexual acts in front of the camera they went ahead and cast me anyway for a role in *Sodom and Gomorrah* to play the High Priestess, which was not to be a sex role. Later they decided to make that a sex role and found someone for the sex scenes. This was the first time I had ever worked in a pornographic movie—it was the first time I had ever been around the cast for a porno movie, and there were a couple of people who considered themselves actors; but the rest of the people, I think, were there mainly as fuckers and knew they were fuckers. Some of them had an awful time with the lines; it was just, you know, really gruesome work for them. The working conditions were pretty good. We were fed; we were on a ranch near Livermore, and we had to go there on a charter bus every morning. Some of the people stayed there overnight. They had tents set up, and they had makeup, they had costumes, they had a tent for the food. You spent an awful lot of time sitting around, but I think that's par for

Although the men did not have much problem getting it up, many found it difficult achieving an orgasm on the set. It's lights, camera, hardon, and it helps to be an exhibitionist.

any film. When you were called on to work, you worked. This differed, I suspect, from a lot of porno films in that it had a fairly large casts of extras, I mean for a porn film it had a large cast of extras. Sodom wasn't *The Ten Commandments*, but there were a lot of us up there.

An example of an artistic fuckfilm is the Japanese-made "In The Realm Of The Senses" where the photography is first rate and is often dazzling in its beauty.

FLICK: Two questions. How much you were paid for your role in the film. And what was your first reaction to being part of a fuck film when you first saw the cameras doing snatch-and-crotch shots up close in almost a laboratory-type atmosphere, when you see people actually having sex before the camera and feigning erotic stimulation and so forth. How did you react to this?

PRISCILLA: First, the pay scale on that particular film—and you've got to remember it was made three or four years ago—was a fairly equitable one for the kind of film. Georgina Spelvin was only paid a hundred a day for about five days of work for *The Devil in Miss Jones*. The rate was something like $75 if you talked and didn't fuck, and $125 if you fucked, or fucked and talked. And I think the extras were below that. So, of course, it was a fight to the death to fuck on camera for a lot of the extras.

The first scene I was in where there was sex was kind of what I might describe as a biblical night club scene. I was standing there talking to a friend of mine who was also in the film, and one of the girls, who wanted desperately to fuck and get some money. There *were* specific sex things going on, and while those were being filmed, they also wanted to get shots of the crowd doing different things. A lot of people started doing things, and I realized in my naivete—this had never occurred to me before—some of this must be simulated,

Since you got paid more to fuck than to just appear as an extra, there was a fight to the death to fuck on camera for a lot of extras.

right? I thought that they would get right at it, but it doesn't work that easily. It was hard for some of the men to come—not to get it up, as you would have thought, but to get it off. We had a fellow there who was pretty whimpy,and he used to go around exposing himself a lot. Well, I mean anybody who exposes himself on the set of a pornographic movie isn't really going to get much

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In The Sexual Arena There Is New Hope For Fat People!

■ To a chubby chaser fat is beautiful. In a society such as ours where starvation diets are prescribed for the so-called sexually fit, where thin, hard bodies are considered the most alluring, the advent of the chubby chaser is unique, to say the least. Yet, chubby chasers exist in growing numbers, and they love big globby mounds of *fat* as a physical source of excitement, *sexual* excitement! Fat we've been told, is ugly. It's self-indulgent and therefore immoral. It's certainly unAmerican—for the President's Council on Youth Fitness has declared war on it. School children are taught that overweight individuals eat to assuage their feelings of inferiority, insecurity and sexual inadequacy. What else have we been told over the years? Ah, yes, fat is unhealthy; in fact suicidal. I concede that all this can make sense to naturally thin people. But these views are nonsense when they are applied to people who are honestly fat, and they are nonsense to fat admirers like chubby chasers.

Americans, as a Yale physician put it recently, are prisoners of a culture that worships thinness. Never before has so large a minority—an estimated 20 million people, about one out of every ten inhabitants—accepted the majority viewpoint of themselves with so little protest. Never before have so many people been browbeaten into slimming down toward an arbitrary image (an estimated 10 million Americans are on diets). America's overweight population can with justice echo Falstaff's anguished cry, "They would melt me out of my fat drop by drop."

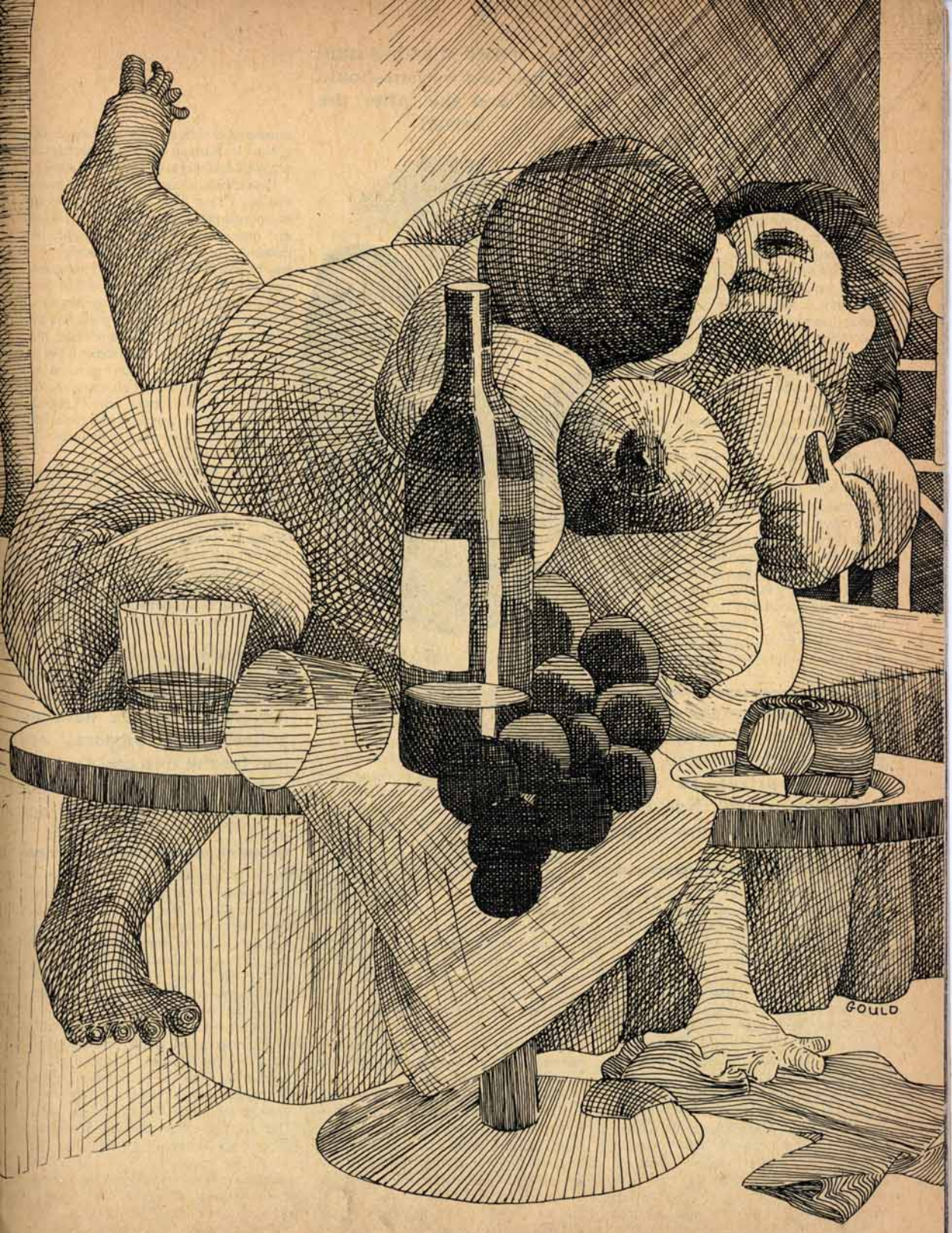
There's something distinctly unhealthy, even sinister in this anti-fat madness that has swept this country in recent years. Americans culture, for all its liberal ideas, seems intent on forcing a single acceptable form of body on everyone, including those whom Nature has endowed differently.

The pressure to conform is intense. Any overweight person can confirm this. Besides, I speak also for myself and my wife. We are above the "norm," weightwise for out height and builds. However, that has not stopped us from finding ourselves attracted to each other sexually.

Somehow, it seems the affluent society has finally spawned its reformation. and instead of the roundheads, we now have thinbellies making life unpleasant for the rest of us. Most Americans being devotees and

By Dr. Fritz Guber

Chubby Chasers


GOULD

To be regarded as beautiful a Polynesian woman should be fat, and the fatter the better!

victims of the slimness cult, do not care when fat people are subjected to persecution. A 260-pound New York civil engineer is told to lose weight if he wants to keep his job; New York police women who check on parking meter payments are ordered to avoid overweight, and half a dozen are fired when they fail to do so; in other cities, policemen are instructed to reduce or quit; a recent survey shows that colleges turn down overweight students in favor of slim students. If such discrimination happened because of race, color or creed, or almost any other personal factor, the protest would be fantastic. But when people are persecuted because they are fat, not a word is spoken in their defense.

A fat man's natural inclination is to blame the entertainment, fashion and dietetic food industries, to see some massive conspiracy. But the motivating force, in my opinion, comes from some deeper level—perhaps a Puritanical reaction to affluence, and also to an ugly snobbery.

Non-fattening foods are expensive. Starchy staples like beans, spaghetti, and potatoes aren't. The waistline has in some ways replaced the accent as a handy guide to class. I'm also convinced that the craze for slimness and the hate for fatness are related to the increasing tribalization of contemporary life, to the growing power of the group over the individual.

Stout women are the subject of adoration by many European and African men, and they are prized in Arab countries as well. Now this phenomenon is coming to America.

There's more than a hint of the Nazi's *Kraft durch Freude* in our government's physical fitness program; a reminiscent whiff of the McCarthy era in the injustices perpetuated on the fat citizen and the reluctance of the population at large to speak out against them.

Weight reducing, I submit—and some other doctors agree—has now reached the proportions of a mass neurosis. It has become so "in" to be thin that fat people's civil rights are repeatedly and openly being violated.

Take, as an example, the recent conclusion by a Harvard School of Public Health study that college admissions officers and high-school teachers who recommended students to colleges usually discriminate against fat students.

Reports of the study were widely circulated in the press. Yet no editorials appeared defending the fat student's equal right to education. *The New York Times* headed

its story this way: "College Admissions Hint: Lose Weight." The meaning is plain: conform or suffer the consequences.

The situation on the job market is even more obnoxious. Any fat man knows that the overweight executive has virtually no chance at all of securing a decent position. Even if he gets past the employment agencies, he'll find that personnel directors are reluctant to hire him. It's part of the slimness insanity: overweight individuals, it seems, might tarnish the corporate image.

An editor of my acquaintance recently settled on the perfect secretarial applicant, or so he thought until he was overruled by his boss on these grounds, "We already have too many fat people on that floor."

Cases like this rarely come to light, of course. The applicant is informed of the rejection and other reasons are given. The person is unaware that weight had anything to do with the decision. The person who makes the adverse decision will often mutter to himself about a "weight problem," but may not even be aware that he is prejudiced against fat people.

The fat, we are told, are not a true minority. They are not permanently imprisoned by the physical characteristics which make them different; they can always join the majority and become thin. That's what we are told, but it is simply not true.

It is time for the public to learn the facts, and for the American Civil Liberties Union to bring out the picket lines in defense of the persecuted fat. Luckily, with the rise in number of chubby chasers, a new grassroots group is forming whereby people are actually beginning to glorify fat and enjoy it.

One chubby chaser explained his desires this way. "I just don't like to fuck a woman anymore unless I can screw her from behind and grab ahold of those big weighty and massive jugs that jiggle deliciously, or at *least* be able to take hold of her "lovehandles" and fuck the living daylights out of her. Since my cock is so big, I can penetrate six inches of fat and still have a good half-foot to get into her snatch. That's not bad, huh! I don't know why, but I love fatties. I like my women big, *really* big. Don't give me and scarecrows, give me *fat*. It's fun to grab. You can blow on it and make funny noises by pressing your lips against it and make farting sounds. I like everything about fat. Fat, to me *is* beautiful!"

This is a liberated and liberating opinion by an out-of-the-closet chubby chaser. Up until this attitude all that fat people could do—at great personal sacrifice and daily torture, is "attempt to pass" as a thin person. The fact that millions of fat Americans live such a charade in order to survive, that they are forced to lead what a nutritionist has called "lives of diet desperation" is the most tragically wasteful aspect of our slimness mania.

My wife and I are refugees of this insanity. Both of us are by Nature fat. We didn't know

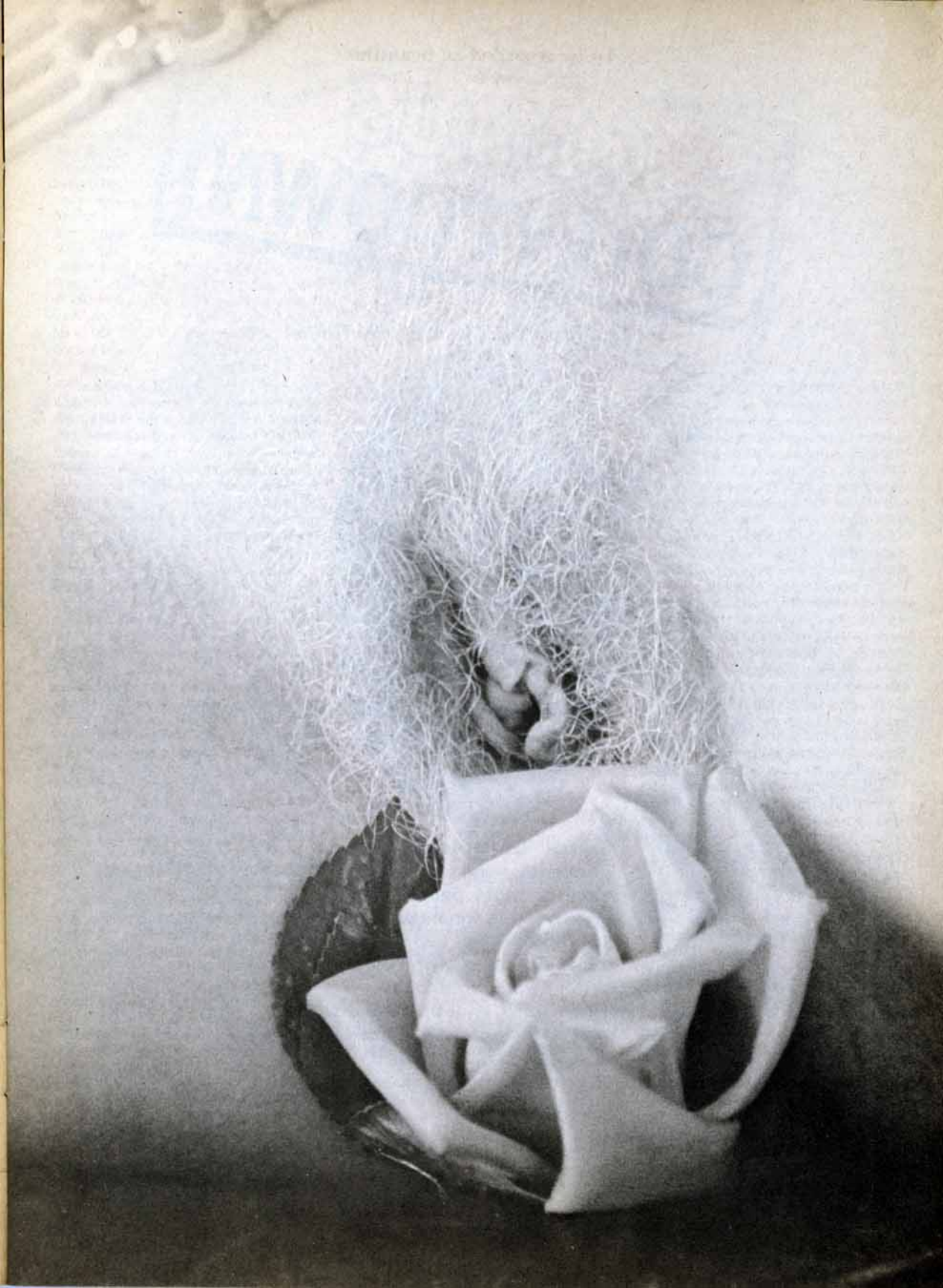
Advertisers would have us believe that orgasms are just for the thin and that impotence is the curse of the big-bellied. This is just not so!

this—or at least we refused to admit it—until a few years ago. Instead we fought against our natural condition through most of our adult lives, compulsively following every new diet, gulping down appetite-depressant pills, getting ourselves injected with thyroid extract, filling our shrunken bellies with tasteless low-calorie drinks and foul-tasting dietary supplements.

It didn't seem to high a price to pay. We were young career people, and our professional and social lives depended on our maintaining at least a semblance of thinness. The trouble was, we rarely maintained thinness for more than six months at a time. Then our rigid self-control would snap, and off we'd go. The result was an endless battle. We never knew from one month to the next what our sizes would be. We spent our money on new clothes, and having our old ones taken in and then let out again.

Until the rise of the chubby chaser and

(Continued on page 62)



COITUS COUNTDOWN!

The Sex Game Porn Stars Play At Home!

Coitus Countdown is a wonderful game to play with three or more people. The cards on each square provide an interesting variety of tricks. But anyone who plays better be prepared to lose – if you think shooting a hot load of cream into a girl's face *losing*. That seems like winning to me!

By Stoke Coles

☐I was anxious when the doorbell rang because I did not know who to expect that evening. A sales representative of Body Products Inc. (a group that markets sexual aides) had arranged a demonstration of a cunt game called Coitus Countdown. He hoped that I would be impressed enough with the game to write about it. I wondered what kind of people went into a private home and demonstrated a game that is designed for sex play. Gorgeous beaver! I thought when I opened the door. That's the kind of people who play sex games.

My heart and prick pounded in time as I gazed into the eyes and lips of three dynamite stone foxes—class beaver all the way. The tallest girl, a five-foot nine-inch blonde with melon-mountain mammaries, moved forward and spoke to me.

"Hi-ya dude. Mr. Richardson sent us here to play a game with you. You ready to fuck?" she said with her lips thrust forward. I could see that she was not wearing any bra or panties. The crest of her muff poked through the flimsy cloth as she posed for me. Her knockers were hanging inside the dress, almost as if they were suspended in mid-air. The nipples of her jugs looked like red-glazed cookies, sweet and round. I wanted to glom them badly.

The two other girls stepped forward. "I'm Susan," said a slim girl with a nice round ass. Her tits were not big—fried eggers—but I could already imagine myself pounding a little ham in her hard, brown ass hole. "And I'm Wilson," said a rather tough looking black chick. She was slender in the legs and hips, but her more than ample tits hung jiggling on her chest. "Well," Wilson smiled, "let's get to it whitey. I hope you ain't got one of them little honky dicks."

The girls walked past me and started to clean off my living room floor. There were still some leftover rubbers and Wesson oil bottles from the night before, as I had neglected to tidy up. Soon they had the room set up for the game. I was glad too; watching them bending over had made me horny. Seeing their sundresses caught in the cracks of their asses was almost too much.

In the middle of the room the girls had arranged an oval shaped board painted white to resemble a bed covered with satin sheets. On the outside of the oval, a track had been marked off and separated into twelve sections. Each section was painted differently with large white letters signifying a different function or name for each box. In the middle of the board was a bowl of what appeared to be jelly for sex lubrication. The whole board did not cover an area over two feet square.

The tall blonde girl had taken out small pieces of pewter which were shaped like phalluses. She placed them on the board. Her huge tits fell out of the sundress as she bent over. When she looked at me she could tell that her bouncers were driving me crazy.

"Don't worry," she said cupping her breasts, lifting them at me so they looked even larger. "Maybe if you're lucky you'll land on Tit Terrace. Then you can fuck my titties. I may let you do it anyway."

I could feel my hot rod about to burst out of my tight jeans. I fought off the urge to lunge for her cookie nipples.

"How does this game work?" I queried.

"Well," the blonde smiled, "See these squares?" She pointed back to the board. I could see now that Wilson had placed a pile of blue and a pile of pink cards on each square. The blonde picked up a piece and put it on the board. She took a pair of dice from her purse and rolled them. "To begin the game," she said with one hand on her boob, "I roll the dice. Now the number on the green die is the amount of spaces I move forward and the red die is the number of spaces I move backward. That's why it is hard to make progress on the board because you're moving both ways." She stopped a moment and lifted one of her huge tits to her mouth. The end of her tongue ran quickly over the tip of her giant nip.

"What happens when you land on one of the spaces?" I asked.

"If you're a male you draw a blue card, if you're female you take a pink one. Then," she grinned, spreading the cheeks of her ass with her hands, "you do what ever the card

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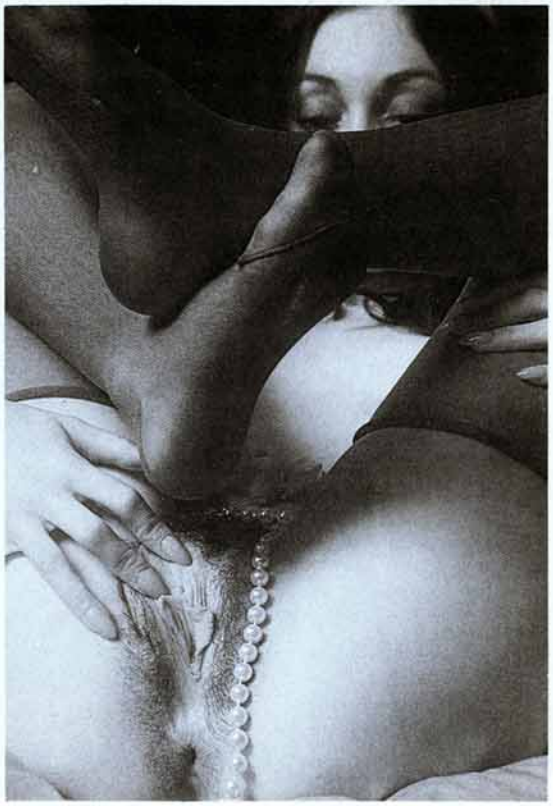
SEX
OTTER



(Continued from page 19)

says within the specific time limit."

"That sounds easy enough," I panted eagerly, "Let's get to it." I was dying to get my face and dick into some of that sweet smelling female flesh. I removed my clothes and started to roll the dice.

"Not so fast," Wilson said, "Let me take a look at you." She came over to me and grabbed my prick in her soft hand. She ran her fingers over the underside of my joint. "Umm," she cooed as my prick grew semi-erect. "Your cock is just fine white boy."

Already my dick was on the verge of exploding a giant hot spurt of liquid love. Susan let the dice go, just after she stepped out of the sundress.

"Can we please begin?" I said with an erratic breath.

"All right lover," Susan said brushing by me deliberately rubbing her ass on my now erect member. "Throw the dice. The person with the highest roll goes first." I wanted to go first, but I had to follow the rules of the game. Susan rolled a twelve so she went first.

"Oh by the way," I asked, "What is the object of the game?"

The blonde smiled and put her tongue in my ear. "To get all the way around the board without coming." she whispered. "And believe me baby, no one has ever succeeded with us working on him." As I stared down at her gorgeous platinum-colored muff, I understood what she meant. Already my dick was on the verge of exploding a giant hot spurt of liquid love. Susan let the dice go, just after she stepped out of the sundress.

"Seven," she purred, "Five on the green two on the red." She moved the pewter phallus forward five spaces and then two spaces back. "Water Falls," she smiled reading aloud the two words lettered on the square. She drew a pink cark from the pile. "If you can piss on the male of your choice from a distance of two feet, then you can require male to perform any special sex act," she read.

"Oh shit," Wilson moaned, "I always want to get that one and I never do."

We stepped off two feet and Susan prepared to let a stream fly. She lay on the floor and pointed her snatch in my direction. I watched her fingers pull her pee hole into position. I was not exactly wild about getting pissed on.

Susan arched her back and let a stream of golden water loose from her bladder. With the force of a powerful squirt gun, the piss bounced off my feet. I stepped into the bathroom and quickly washed it off. When I came back out of the bathroom, Susan was smiling at me. "I'm yours," I smiled at her. "And I know just what you want to do," she grinned.

She pulled an easy chair to the center of the room and got up on it. She was kneeling in the chair with her choice, plump butt cracked open at me. She spread her knees wide apart so the brown hole expanded. "Fuck my ass like you want to do," she said sweetly. "It is a fine ass too, isn't it?" I nodded my head. Her curvy ass looked like a Valentine-shaped heart.

The throbbing rod between my legs was

"Time!" the blonde girl cried. I pulled my dick out and sat in the chair. "Very good," the blonde whispered in my ear, "but the best is yet to come – and so are you!"

jerking up and down in a spasmotic rhythm. It was as if my dick knew right where her ass hole was. I moved forward and snuggled the head of my peter up to her round brown. She began to move her ass in a clockwise circle. As she swung around, I inched my tool deeper into the expanding hole. The tight sphincter gripped my dick and I could feel a load of jism getting ready to flow.

"Time." the blonde girl cried. I pulled my

dick out and sat in the chair. "Very good," the blonde whispered in my ear. "But the best is yet to come—and so are you."

The blonde picked up the dice and rolled them. "Six green, red three." She moved the phallus along the board. "Pecker Place," she said drawing a pink card. "Do anything with a peter that you desire; time limit—two minutes." She looked at my crotch. "Well that's the only peter around, I guess I'll have to use that one."

My blue balls ached to be relieved. Now it was my turn to toll the dice. I picked up the card, hoping I would get to do something really perverted.

She grabbed my root and curled her lips around the head. Quickly she ran her mouth over my hard meat. I felt like I would explode a hot load any minute. She looked up at me and took my dick in her hand. She pulled it a couple of times. "Don't come lover, you lose if you do."

"By the way," I asked the blonde, "What is your name?"

"Gina," she cooed taking my cock and placing it between her soft, fleshy knockers. My cock ached as the silky skin of her globes worked up friction on my pounding love stick. I could feel the juice rising in me.

Then she raised up her head and told me to stand. I rose, my hot cock pointing toward the ceiling. "Fuck my armpit," she said greasing her pit with lubrication from the bowl in the center of the board. I stuck my big prick between her arm and body. I worked my peter as Gina tightened the space. I knew I was going to come any minute.

"Time," Susan called. I drew another heavy breath. The head of my fuck rod was pounding. My blue balls ached to be relieved.

Now it was my turn to roll the dice. The green one showed six, the red one came up five. "Slice City," I said moving the phallus one space. I picked up a card, hoping I would get to do something really perverted. "Use your hands on any two of the girls present; Time limit—two minutes," the card said. "All right," I said to Susan and Gina, "Come over here you two."

"Are you scared of me?" Wilson laughed.

"Yes." I was a little leery of Wilson. She looked nasty.

I had Susan and Gina bend over in front of me. I looked at their gorgeous cracks. I leaned forward just to sniff them a little.

"Hands only!" Wilson yelled.

"I'm just sniffing," I called back. "You can't blame a fellow for sniffing."

I took each hand and placed them on the two cracks that were on my eye level. I began to work my index fingers over their respective clitorises. My middle finger found its way into the tight ass hole of Susan. I stuck my other middle finger into Gina's hairy crack. She shivered as the finger slid into her vagina.

Slice juice had begun to run out of both holes. A wad of cunt cream had begun to form at the bottom of Gina's hole. I could feel all ten fingers of my hand getting wet with crack butter.

"Time," Wilson called just as Susan had begun to breathe heavily.

The chicks said, "It's time to make this contestant shoot a hot load of sperm. We're going to make him lose the game!"

Wilson then handed the automatic timer to Gina and threw her dice. She ended up on a space marked "Face Fun." She licked her lips as she reached for a card. "Sit on a man's face and dick; time limit—face, two minutes—dick one minute."

Wilson raised the hem of her sundress and moved toward me. She was spreading the lips of her gash with her fingers. I could see her long clit hanging down in front of the pink twat. Wilson told me to lay down.

"Why do they call you Wilson?" I asked

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INSIDE JENNIFER WELLES:

An Ultimate Fantasy

☐Jennifer Welles is insatiable—she takes on all comers in her new film and comes, comes, comes. It's her fucking, sucking farewell fuck flick and she makes the most of it. Just what she intends to do now is uncertain, but what she did over the last few months has been rendered explicitly on the screen.

"Inside Jennifer Welles" is a series of assorted sordid vignettes designed "to relate all of Jennifer's most intimate sexual experiences throughout her life". About two dozen cocksmen get a look inside Jennifer Welles in the course of the intercourse.

In the opening sequence, Jennifer gets a head job, waking up in the morning to a joyous labia lathering. Her cunt is steaming and teaming with juice, a soggy mat of yellow pubic hair framing a cunt that has seemingly been banged into permanent black and blueness. Such devotion to service! Following this orgasmic exercise that really wakes her up, Jennifer gets into her limousine and enroute to her destination begins to reminisce about the fine fucks and wild scenes she performed in apartments, houses and offices she passes along the way.

Her first memoir is of a taxi driver she once screwed. It was a horny seduction on her part—claiming that she didn't have any bill lower than the $100 bill she fingered, she invited the taxi driver up to her apartment to make change—and to make her!

"I'm intensely attracted to hairy men, men with hair totally covering their bodies!" Jennifer explains in the voice-over. The cab man is agreeable when Jennifer unveils her firm, big tits and sidles up close to him. But, though she "looks all right", he decides to play it safe—he pauses to pull out a condom. Jennifer gives him a comically rueful look and the guy tosses the condom aside to perform cold jerky, jerking him up to stiffness and then diving into Jennifer's warm muff. "I'll fuck you like you've never been fucked before!" the guy cries. "I bet you never had a taxi cab driver before," he adds with pride.

As the projectionist pulls his cock out to beat off, who should walk in but the leading lady herself. The result is on of the funniest moments in the film. In fact the whole episode ranks as a minor classic of sexual humor.

They roll around on the floor and Jennifer takes a good long pussy pounding, moaning and groaning under the assault. He comes all over her blonde bush and Jennifer looks up with a satisfied smile. She holds up that $100 bill—and hands it to the cab man as a tip for digging his tip into her. The guy takes the dough for the job well done. She really got her moneysworth.

As Jennifer's car pulls into the Times Square Area, it sets her off to thinking about the time one of her films was having a premiere—and of how she really freaked out the projectionist. Flashback to the scene. (It should be noted that these are "flashbacks" done in movie terms only, all are freshly filmed. This isn't a compilation film of leftovers from Jennifer's career).

The projectionist is getting pretty horny watching the new Jennifer Welles film. As he watches, he pulls his cock out. But who should suddenly walk into the projection room but the leading lady! It's a fantasy come true! The result is one of the funniest moments in the film. In fact the whole

episode ranks as a minor classic of sexual humor. After the surprise, both he and Jennifer decide to ape the action on the screen. Well, "ape" is a poor choice of wording. From what we hear of the soundtrack, Jennifer is getting fucked by a horse! With each hysterical whinny in the background, Jennifer heats up and sucks off the projectionist in fine fashion.

The comedy and the cocksucking are memorable. But there are more memories to come. Many more. In the next segment, Jennifer's mind is jogged when she passes by her dentist's old office. She recalls how he tried to really fill her cavity!

Jennifer leans back in the dentist's chair and the guy decides to really test her mouth—by shoving his cock into it. He gets head and goes out of his head. "Ohh, what a cock sucker!" he cries. His moans and groans, and her happy slurps, get so loud and excited that the dentist's female assistant begins to wonder what's going on. She peeps through the door and is amazed at what she sees—the doctor feeding the pork to the pretty patient! Stunned, she wanders to her desk, put her feet up, sticks her fingers in her pie, and frigs herself off. Jennifer comes in and after a little fond lezzing, invites the girl to join the party.

"Ohh, I never would've believed it," the dentist ejaculates before ejaculating, "My assistant can really suck cock!" And what's more, she can really fuck, too! The guy plugs in to her cunt and it fits like a glove. He fucks and fucks till he comes all over her. Jennifer nods her approval and quietly leaves—after first going into the files and tearing up the dentist's exorbitant bill for her previous visits for dental work.

There is more variety when Jennifer takes on two young guys at the same time. The college roomies are awed when the blonde next door invites them over for a bash, and what a bash it is!

There is more variety when Jennifer takes on two young guys at the same time. The two college roomies are awed when the blonde next door invites them over for a bash. And what a gash bash it is! Jennifer, looking the part of the aging seductress of youth, strips the two strapping striplings and sucks first one cock then the other. She goes for a dogstyle dig, with one guy plowing her cunt while she sucks the other. A very effective scene shows Jennifer's full mooning ass sticking up for the cock that plows firmly into her soggy snatch. Needless to say, she shows them both a great time.

Jennifer passes another location and once more describes an erotic adventure. It's evident that Jennifer has been fucked in practically every section of the city at one time or another! Everywhere she goes she can recall a fuck session! This one proves that Jennifer is indeed versatile. After the hairy cab man, the two young men—she takes on a fat man. "I love all men, young and old, skinny and fat! This fat man was 300 pounds. He really could fuck, with a nice fat cock!" Again there is a welcome touch of humor to the porn proceedings which end with a two-minute segment of various positions, some done in sensuous slowmotion, some in hurried fast frames

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and others almost stills of Jennifer getting her butt pounded as her fleshy cheeks ripple under the impact.

Her final recollection before arriving at her destination is a visit to a gay bar. Jennifer really runs the gamut. She is picked up by a dyke who says "try it—you'll like it!". And always eager Ms. Welles does indeed try it. This no holes barred lezzie session really heats up as the dyke eats up Jennifer and is hungry for more. Jennifer is driven to another frenzied series of shrieks and groans. In fact, she's been gasping almost non-stop during the entire film, which must've been very tiring in the overdubbing.

Jennifer is exhausted by the lezzie lust, but not totally fulfilled. "I want a prick—a real prick!" she wails. Anyone in particular? No, Jennifer isn't particular at all. The dyke goes out and gets her a real live prick, an obliging black dude who gives her a thorough bang while the dyke looks on amusing herself with a plastic vibrater which she jams into her pie as the camera gets down between her legs for a good angle.

Well, now after all this disjointed joint sucking and fucking, just what does insatiable Jennifer have awaiting her at journey's end? The lady get out of her car and steps into a slut's ultimate fantasy. There before her are seven classy studs in top hats and tails, ready to plug her tail.

Respectability. Class ass. That's what Jennifer gets as the men admiringly salute her with champagne. But before long Jennifer sinks back to her knees and begins sucking cock. She tried to be dainty, but she was overwhelmed. Like a hog before seven steaming bowls of slop, Jennifer goes hog wild and greedily slurps and slobbers the balls and cocks of the men who form a circle around her. It's her cocksucking dream, the ultimate fantasy of a woman who can't get cock out of her mind or cunt or mouth. The guys circle her, and stick their stiff cocks at her. She's surrounded, going from cock to cock, sucking herself silly. Like a kid surrounded by seven popsicles, Jennifer can't get enough, going quickly from one to the other, licking each one. Cock after cock.

Respect. That's what Jennifer gets as the men in her sex life admiringly salute her with champagne. But before long Jennifer sinks back to her knees and begins sucking again.

She sucks them all and fucks them all. In one scene she's fucked by one guy, sucks another, and is surrounded by guys jerking off all over her. One guy comes all over her tits and another gives her a come shampoo. Still she isn't through! After taking on the seven guys she still isn't finished. Is this fuck and suck film going on for hours and hours! Jennifer has fucked a fat man, thin man, cab driver, dyke, dentist, black man—and now before she can even pause and take a breath, she's at it again. Four Chinese men clambor on her, each one giving her a frenetic fuck and a load of come, exploding to the sound of a gong. A gong bang! She sucks each dick as the subtitles (the guys are groaning in Chinese) make cracks like "This is more fun than pissing in the egg drop soup! My egg roll is getting hard! This is great but we'll be horny twenty minutes later!"

Is this film endless? Well, there's an end. Jennifer's end—her big blooming ass and to the strains of a Greek dance, a Greek fellow gives it to her up her ass. Jennifer has had a couple of quarts of come sprayed on her body and rubbed into her belly and onto her ass—and she's good to this last drop, rubbing the final load in as the film ends. But, Jennifer intimates, the film could've gone on longer. There is a parting paragraph, an epilogue stating that not long after that seven-on-one orgy, Jennifer fulfilled another fantasy—of fucking 73 men at one tempestuous party! ●

MORE, MORE, MORE!

Andrea True

The Empress of Erotica Finds A New Career In The Music Scene

■ *Andrea True will always be a princess of the erotic screen. She has made enough films to assure her a grand place in cinematic history, no doubt about it. However, maybe not many people know that Andrea has made a big developmental step in her multi-faceted career. Andrea True, for you disco fans, has become a big-selling record star. Her hit single and album* ***More, More More*** *brought her closer to her dream which is to be a singer. Andrea is no stranger to Nashville where many of her buddies are big in the music industry. Andrea has helped organize and promote many top performers for television. She is a dynamic woman with her fingers in many pies. And why not! The Ivory Snow girl—what's her name?—assembled a show of X-rated calibre, which opened and closed, but at least got produced. Harry Reems, despite all his unfortunate legal involvements, is now making it big with a real Hollywood movie contract to appear with legitimate movie stars, even wholesome types that appear on prime-time television. We always thought that Andrea would get on the bandwagon. She was heading in that direction when she called one day to say she was appearing at the Riverboat in Midtown Manhattan, which was to launch her singing career. Yes, evidently it pays to diversify. But Andrea, as long as there are films in cans, will always be with us in the flesh, if you catch my drift. Still, a grand personage such as Ms. True can hold her own in almost any field for which she has talent as the interview you are about to read will illuminate. Andrea was always a step above all the rest of the girls. She's prettier than Linda Lovelace, and she's made more features than Linda, Georgina Spelvin Marilyn Chambers and probably ten other lesser stars of the "come-and-go" variety put together.*

At the time of this interview, Andrea was staying in the center of the music district in New York at 57th Street where the interviewer was subjected to the most thorough scrutiny before being permitted up to her apartment. She said she hadn't gotten much sleep the night before, but this did not show. She was radiant, warm, personable, as she fixed us coffee with diet sweetener, and she sent out for Western omelets. And, of course, she flashed us that fabulous Close-Up smile. Andrea is a careful woman and nobody's fool. She' a Leo. Her many careers are touched upon here, but all the good stuff drew no comments, or promises never to reveal the juicy details: for example, stuff about Sammy Davis, Jr., the FBI, Joan Baez, Camp David, that licensed item in her purse, her particular achievement belt in karate. Andrea is a multi-talented and very involved woman, who doesn't like to talk dirty, incidentally.

FLICK: Andrea do you feel that family life is eroding in America?

ANDREA: Yes. I don't know what will replace it either. It's not happening much in Middle America as it is on the coasts, but it's horrible nonetheless. I believe in family. I came out of a togetherness family. There was a lot of love among us. I'm sick about what is happening. Even couples my age are divorcing but we're smarter—at least persons our age are taking closer looks at second marriages.

FLICK: Why isn't the family structure working?

ANDREA: The car. Sexual freedom. Girls are looser today. The economic situation. The divorce rate. The way religion has left us—the churches are empty. There is a lack of religion. Religiously, America has slipped, except in Middle America. We pay a price for our freedoms, a heavy one.

FLICK: There is a strange dichotomy here. On one hand you call free sexuality a cause for the family breakdown. And yet, you need this breakdown, don't you, to realize yourself as a person? Do you want a family of your own, and if you do, how can you reconcile all the self-imposed problems of your lifestyle?

ANDREA: I wouldn't mind a family, but it would leave me open to all the things that happen to other people: the hurt, the economic responsibility. I'll continue with my career right now. I'm too busy to be "in love." How can I keep a relationship together, unless the guy is willing to be subservient to my career. I'm a happy person. You have to have a positive attitude and a good head on your shoulders. If not, forget it. That's why some of us are famous, and some don't make it. It's that simple.

FLICK: Do you have many complaints about men?

ANDREA: Not right now. I dig men. I'm not gay like Georgina Spelvin. Nor am I all the way on the other side.

FLICK: I remember seeing one marvelous film of yours in which you play a writer-social scientist in which you have a few luscious moments with another woman.

ANDREA: I'm really a man's woman and as far as complaints are concerned about men, I suppose I have some which women universally have. Too many women are divorced with children faced with the burden of supporting them after the man has disappeared. The kids suffer because the mother is out working all day and trying to find a new husband at night/or hooking, and I can't stand it. I think the divorce situation in America should be straighteed out. Women, for example, should get equal pay, because in the film industry I get the same money as a man. The men want to keep the power and yet too many of them don't want to take the responsibility for that power.

(Continued on page 39)

The Beautiful People of Open Erotica

Zowie! Look at them go at it! Meet Blaze and Blase, a "live show" couple competing in our "Live Show Couple of the Year" contest. You can cast your ballots. Just watch Flick over the next few months and see the latest live-show couple contestants. Each couple is currently appearing somewhere in the USA on the "live show" circuit in major cities, usually accompanied by the latest erotic flicks. Blaze and Blase are a hot pair!

Don't you agree that Blaze and Blase are something special. They really can command the stage. Night after night they perform and each act is given the full treatment, a specialty which few in the business can likewise promise. They seem to have a unique itch, an ability to go at each other as if they are doing it for the first time. It's a well-greased act, ya know, they do it every night. Their secret is spontaneity!

I am a truthful person because you can't have a name like Andrea True, and lie. Right? It would backlash on me.

(Continued from page 31)

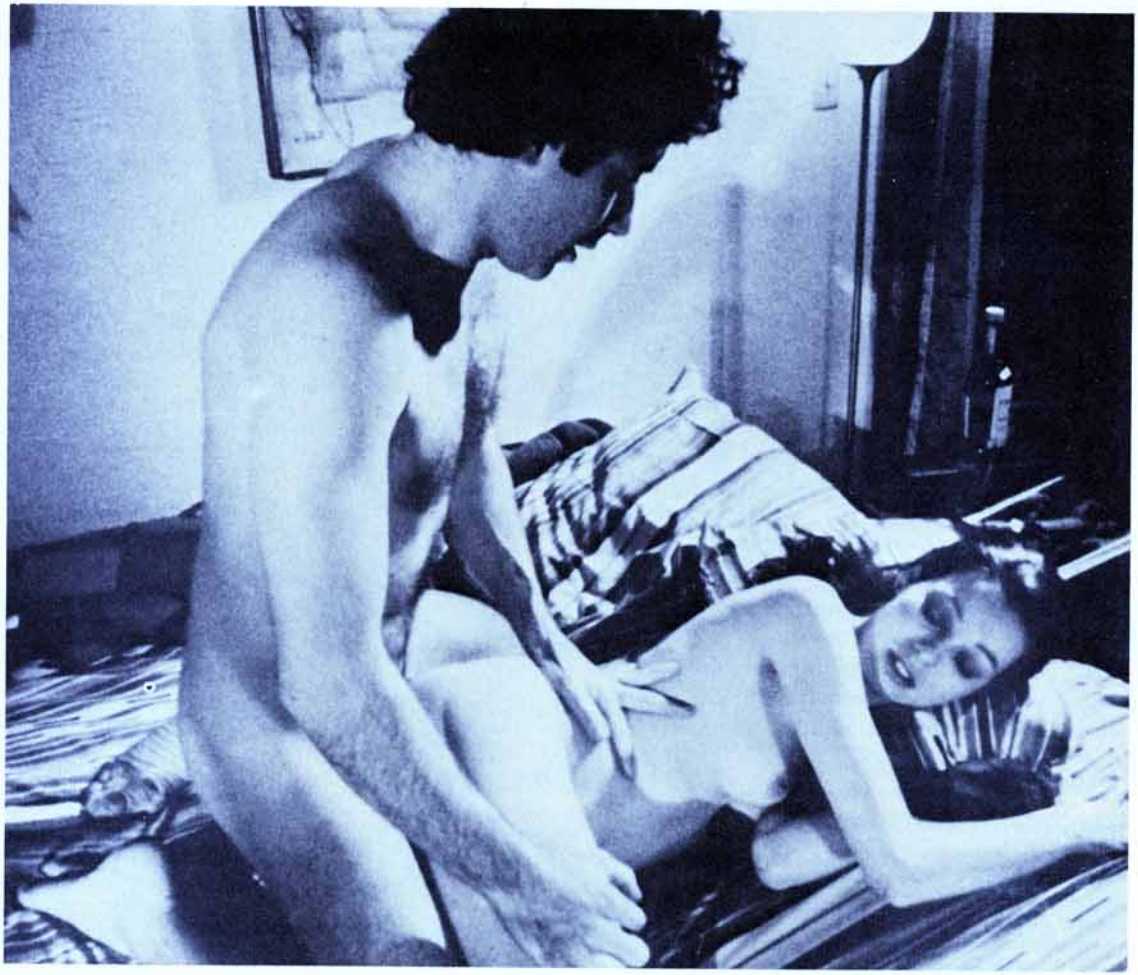
FLICK: What about your own sex life. Do you feel that your participation in fuckfilm making has been therapeutic in any way.
ANDREA: No. But I've learned a lot. I have the most amazing body control. I really do. I stay in top physical condition all the time. Between films I run out of New York and got to the record studios of Nashville, LA, San Francisco visiting friends, and I write my music material to get away from pornography. I can't stay in it all the time. I have to get away and have a diverse life or else I start getting asexual. It's too much. But when I'm making a film, I'm right there. My audiences like me becuse the men can't get a chick like me unless they pay for a hooker, and I don't know that side of life. They aren't beautiful people; they have an average-looking wife at home. Let's face it, we're movie stars. Me, Georgina, Marilyn, Linda. We've got the looks and we're not average people so they're getting off on us.
FLICK: Now you are a record star, my dear. But, tell us, as the princess of fuckfilms, how did you get started in that business.

The scripts of my films reflect utter reality. When I meet my audience we talk about the scripts and how the situations are taken from real life. They're shocked when the realize how intelligent I am.

ANDREA: I was always in show business beginning in Nashville, Tennessee, where I was born. My mother was a singer. She toured the world with a very famous singing family. My father taught me foreign languages and took me to the opera whenever we came to New York. I was raised in a theatrical boarding school. By the time I was 15 years old I was in more than 50 theatrical productions. I was also in the National Childrens' Theatre for nine years. I had a television show in Nashville which lasted two years and was sponsored by Junior Achievements. I went to college and have a degree in music. Then I came to New York and moved to Greenwich Village where I lived at Barrow Street and attended acting lessons at HB studios. I was working at a daytime job and teaching school. The great people in the Village were feeding me because I was literally starving at one point—what with paying to go to school and trying to maintain a sublet.
FLICK : What changed all that ?
ANDREA: I got mugged twice so I moved out of the Village to a rent-controled apartment on Madison Avenue, which literally fell in on me one day. I was sitting in the bathtub when the ceiling literally fell in. I'll never forget running to a friend of mine, a very well-known commercial producer and writer who did all the Close-Up television commercials—and said," Help, my ceiling fell in."Apparently the cross-dresser who lived upstairs had gone away for the weekend and left the water running, which saturated his whole apartment. I had to call the fire department to break down the door. Why there were all these wigs, and ladies clothes floating around. Anyway, at that time I was trying to find out how to make money in television commercials. I was studying privately at night with Stella Adler. I finally got some commercials. Around this time I met Harry Reems who was doing a play in the Village. We got to be friends. And one day he told me there was going to be a big hot film which I could be a part of, one which would provide good daily income, and a chance to grow in film. So he convinced me and we made our first film together called *Head Nurse*. I've written a book about this called *Never in Bed* because I never got to do it in bed, every place else, but *never* in bed. It's funny and truthful because I can't have a name like Andrea True and lie. Right? It would backlash on me. So Harry and I knocked off *Head Nurse* and then *Meatball*, the next feature film where I saw myself for the first time on screen.
FLICK: What was your reaction to seeing yourself having sex on screen for the first time, Andrea?
ANDREA: My gut reaction? I was horrified. First of all, the script for *Meatball* was poor, and I was a nervous wreck. Nevertheless, people actually recognize me from that film. They even knew my name, and my hair was a different color. And they loved it. At the screening I was sitting next to Gay Talese, who wrote *Honor Thy Father* and when he introduced himself, I broke out in a cold sweat. I was seeing my cunt on the screen for the first time. The director hadn't let me see the film before this massive screen-

I care about my audience. I have about 100 films, some 40 features, and the rest are what we call one-day wonders. The films I put my name on I know that the audience will see dynamite sex, or a good plot, something worth the premium price.

(Continued on page 66)



"A Coming of Angels" Goes All The Way!

☐The difference between a GP and an X is the difference between teasing and pleasing, between delivering the goods and merely hauling them around. Television's big tease is "Charlie's Angels". Now there's an X-rated pleaser that goes all the way—it's "A Coming of Angels", a new film from the Artemis Corp that features a carload of hot cunts and the talented twangers to plunge them.

Leslie Bovee (a Hustler centerfold and the heat behind "Femmes De Sade" and "Eruption), Abagail Clayton (the sweetheart of the hardon in "Dixie" and "Naked Afternoon") and Annette Haven (the hot vagina girl of "China Girl") are the three angels who know all the angles. Plus the pussy parade includes Amber Hunt (another Hustler chick and the sultry star of "Cry for Cindy" and "Baby Face") and Susan McBain (dynamic in Damiano's "Odyssey"). They get on the receiving end of hard-pronged porn pros Jamie Gillis, John Leslie and Eric Edwards.

The film takes place in the frigid clime of upstate New York and in the opening scene a hot couple frolic in the snow. The guy takes a good look at the chick and realizes that for someone else it might be 10 degrees outside, but he's burning up inside! He navigates his nookie into a convenient greenhouse and in a few minutes they're both out of their furs and ready for some fun.

They go through the paces right there amid the plants, and when the guy rams his stiff cactus up the chick's fern, the moans and groans become deafening. They fuck and fuck as the camera stays in close to capture every thrust. Just good innocent fucking fun, right? Well is so happens that there is something very sinister afoot! This chick is getting plugged by one guy—but a second later she could be getting drugged, and then truly fucked up by whoever buys her from the white slave ring that has captured her!

This fellow named Mark (Jamie Gillis) marks time by marking up women, and he does a good job of it in his New York horny hideaway. One of the crime-busting big-busted Angels, Jennifer (Abagail Clayton) has already been abducted and fucted as we see. There in the basement the pretty Angel is having a devil of a time.

(Continued on page 45)

The Angels Are Coming And Coming And Coming!

(Continued from page 40)

She's locked up in the torturous basement dungeon, the victim of insidious brainwashing, the worst since somebody jumped on her douche bag.

This is really serious. Jennifer is far gone. She's like a zombie. Her eyes see very little and her cunt is getting quite alot. Mark has her completely in his potent power. She will do everything he wants.

"Come to the mirror, Jennifer," Mark says, and the girl poses before him in her chains. "What do you see?" he asks. The zonked zombie answers "I see a very beautiful girl who wishes to be touched softly—then harder!". She is forced to perform some solo degradation for his amusement as she dips her fingers in her cunt, beginning to gasp and grunt with primal pleasure.

Jennifer tried to catch Mark in the act, but now she's become one of his acts. He's got more. He has kidnapped many girls, fucking them into a stupor, indulging in whatever measures are necessary to turn them into whimpering pools of vaginal jelly, totally humiliated, totally autoerotic automatons who masturbate at will and fuck at the drop of a hat and the stiffening of any dick.

But the plot thickens. Mark decides to pause in his playing with the new toy to give an old favorite some new fun. He drags out another chained chick, Andrea (Susan McBain) and forces her to get down on her knees and suck the cock of his horny assistant and partner in crime, Robert (John Leslie). She does as she's told. Stripped naked and on her knees, she takes the dick down her throat and slurps and sucks. But this is only the beginning of this masterful scene of realistic degradation. The girl pauses, her face stuffed full of cock. Mark has given her another order—to stay on her knees like a dog and bend over.

THIS NEW FILM FEATURES A CARLOAD OF HOT CUNTS AND THE TALENTED TWANGERS TO PLUNGE THEM!

Robert grabs hold of the girl's ass and plugs in, fucking her like a dog, banging her hard and fast, screwing her long and deep, the camera angles capturing the entire sequence as the tempo quickens, her cunt becoming a sluicy slit dripping with juice. But still she isn't finished.

The guy fucks her into more of a stupor than she was originally, pounding her ass, shuddering each cheek with each powerful thrust. Then, in a test of the girl's state of total unknowing submission, Mark directs his assistant to test her by spanking the girl's ass. He tells him to do it hard—so hard that her ass turns red.

"Give it to her—spank her hard. Hit her again. Hit her again!"

Andrea is shocked by the harsh blows landed on her upturned fanny. "Does that hurt?" Mark asks. "Hit her again! Smack her! Hit her harder, harder. It doesn't hurt anymore? Hit her again! Smack one cheek at a time, first the right side and then the left. Don't stop!"

Andrea finally is reduced to a shattered shell, her ass sticking up for the pounding without any resistance or the slightest flinch. "So, you like it!" Mark shouts at the girl. "Well let's try something else, then."

Andrea is forced to change positions. Commanded like a dog, she gets off her knees and rolls over on her back.

The sadism continues as the girl is subjected to another hard, pounding fuck. Robert grabs hold of his fat thick dick and jams it up her cunt with one grunting thrust. She lies flat on her back in a mindless, dazed state under the crunching assault of the man who just doesn't stop, banging her box, screwing her senseless. Her legs flailing wide apart, she just lies back and takes whatever she gets, and she gets plenty.

"Put your hand out you tramp," Mark yells at her. The girl can hardly comprehend what he's saying. She's getting more punishment than she can even realize. The fucking continues, fiercer, harder. "Put out your hand, cup your hand."

Mark has kidnapped many girls, fucking them to a stupor, indulging in whatever measures are necessary to turn them into whimpering pools of vaginal jelly, totally humiliated, totally autoerotica automatons who masturbate at will and fuck at the drop of a hat and the stiffening of any dick.

The girl does as she's told, and Mark takes his cigarette and flicks it into her cupped hand. But even this is not enough for him. "Hold the ashes in your hand," he says as the girl remains the submissive slave. "Now I want you to be a good ash tray. So take the ashes and rub them on your tits. That's right, rub them into your sweaty tits. All over them." And the girl obeys, rubbing the grime over her sweating mounds.

Will this torment ever end? That's what the other Angels want to know as they pursue their investigation. The other two Angels, Robin (Leslie Bovee) and Carrie (Annette Haven) are trying desperately to locate Jennifer before she is truly beyond help. At last they have located Mark and have gotten wind of what he's been doing with the help of his assistants, Robert and Sherry (Amber Hunt).

Amber Hunt doesn't have much of a part in this flick but she does what she can. She has some effective scenes as she supervises the slaves that are still unsold, stuck in Mark's basement. Every once in a while she gets too excited by her work. She dips her fingers into her pretty pink snatch

and comes up with shimmering juice. She loves the sensations.

The two Angels, and their friend Andy (Eric Edwards) find Jennifer and after witnessing the sort of tortures that have been inflicted on poor Andrea, they realize that the time for action is now!

Well, whoever said that the Angels were such great undercover cops? They cop honors under covers, but they are slothful sleuths. Robin winds up kidnapped, and her heroic assistants lose track of her. She's forced into a wild fuck session in which she's the target of both Mark and Robert's outrageous arrows of fortunes, as the sperm slings all over her body. She gives a good account of herself though, and even seems to enjoy the antics. She's a real cumfreak, sucking the cocks that spew forth the froth, bathing in the cream that tops her big tits, drinking down every drop that lands on her tongue.

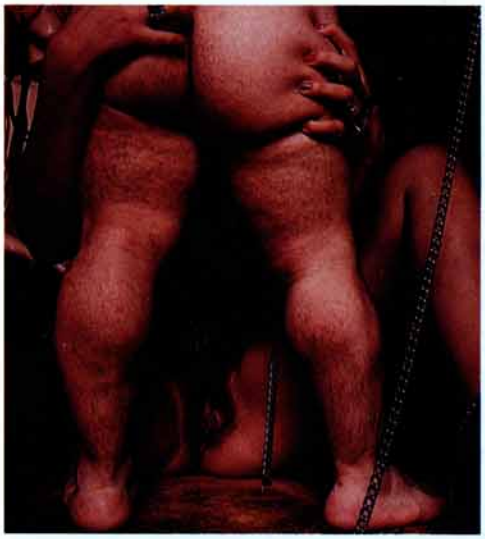
What these juicy chicks do in the course and intercourse of 87 juicy minutes deserves more than a mention. So watch out! The Angels are coming!

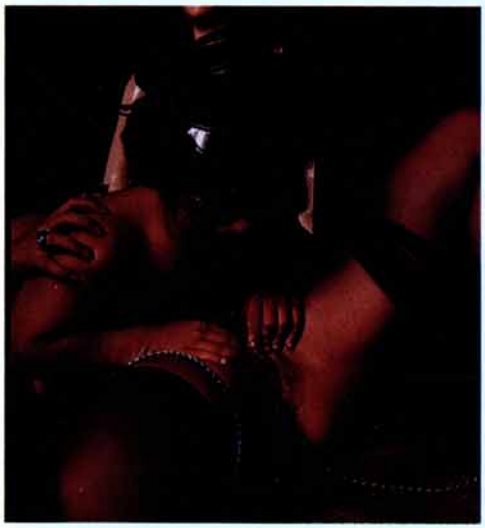
The only free Angel makes the most of her opportunities and, using her ample feminine wiles, manages to successfully dupe Robert. And what a superduper dupe she pulls. Well, the rest of the plot and the ending heroism hardly needs to be mentioned. But what these three chicks do in the course and intercourse of 87 juicy minutes deserves more than a mention. So watch out! The Angels are coming—and you will be, too! ●

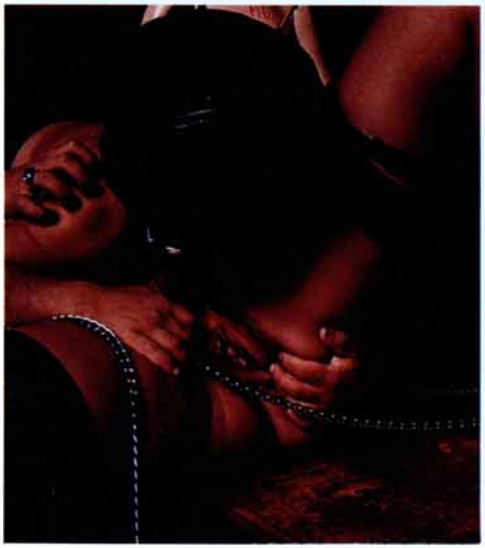
The Cinematic Hijinks of Joan & Afro

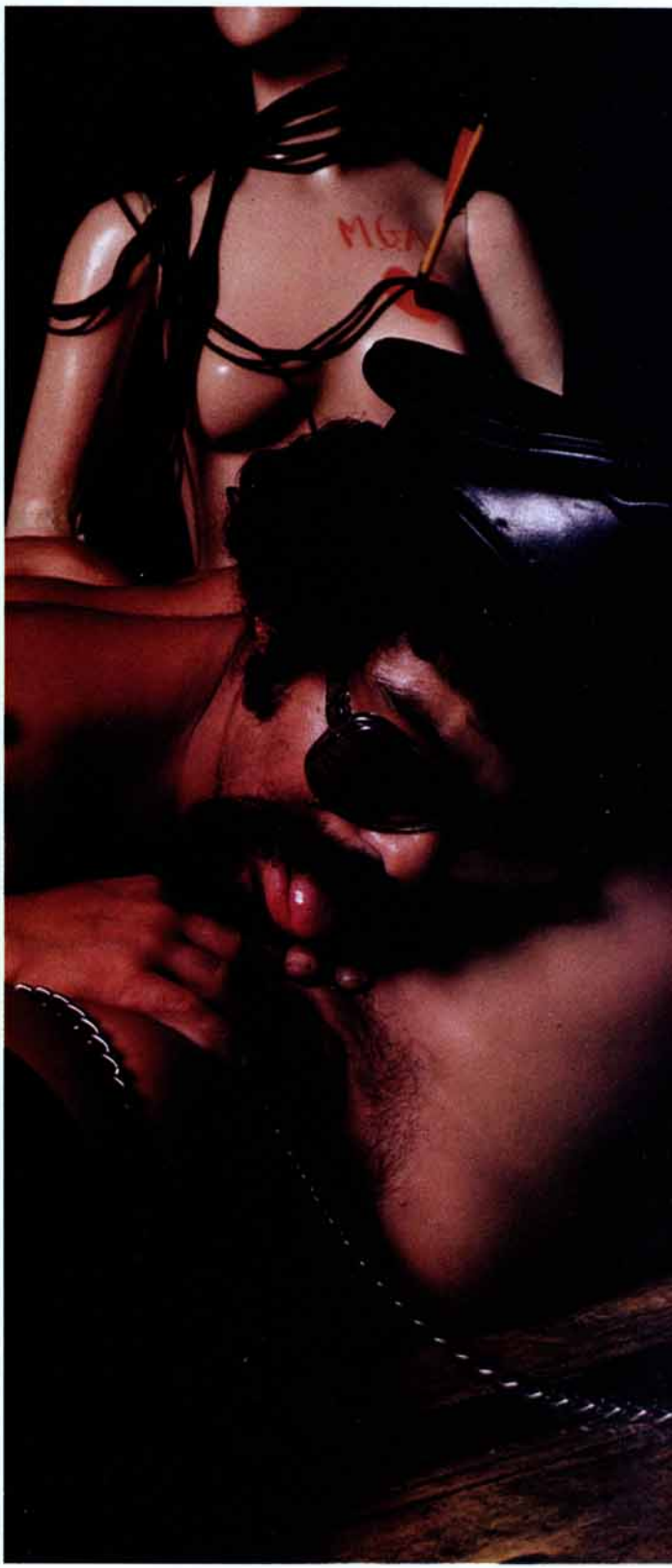
Meet Joan & Afro. You've seen them all over the place, in films and magazines. They are cinema's latest new interest and they've made lots of new fans all over the country. Some years ago Joan and Afro operated as a pimp/hooker team in Chicago where they had a good life.

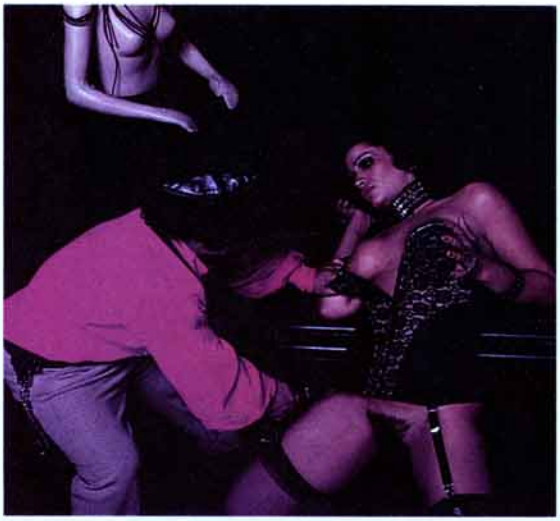
Joan met a photog for a major mens' magazine who used her in several big photo spreads, and introduced her to porno film producers. After that her career took off like a rocket and soon enough she got Afro back in the act. Now they're ready for the big time as befits their talents.

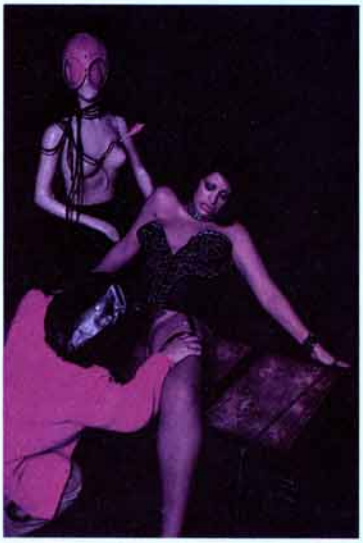


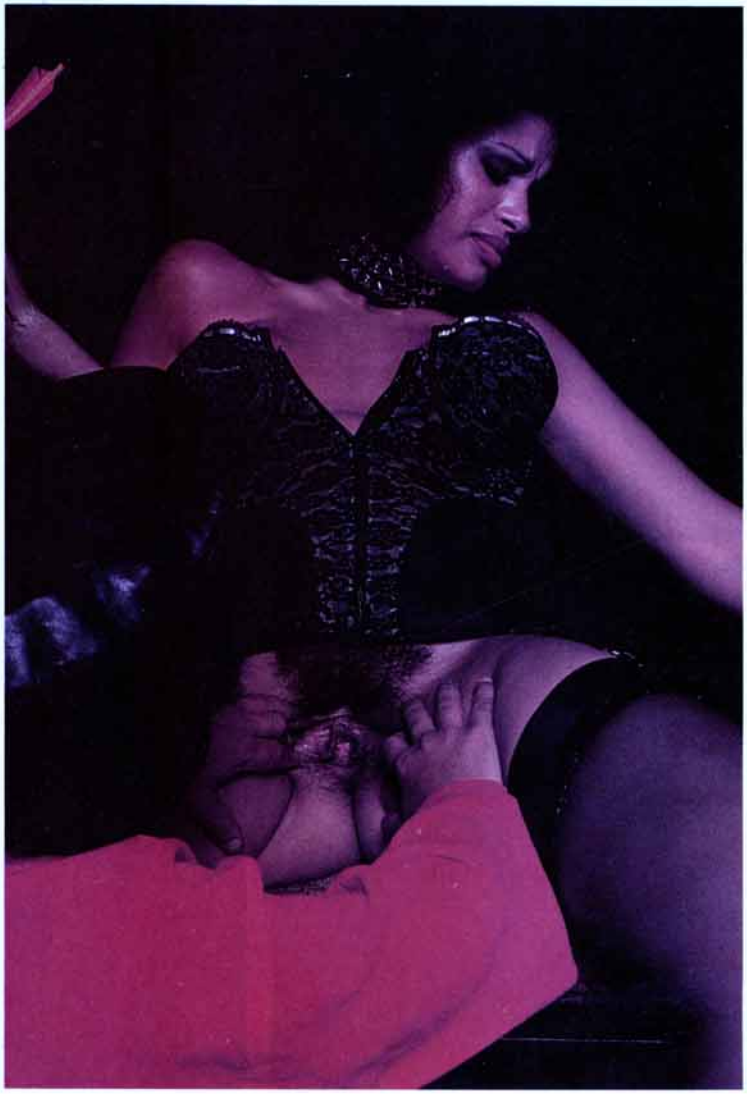


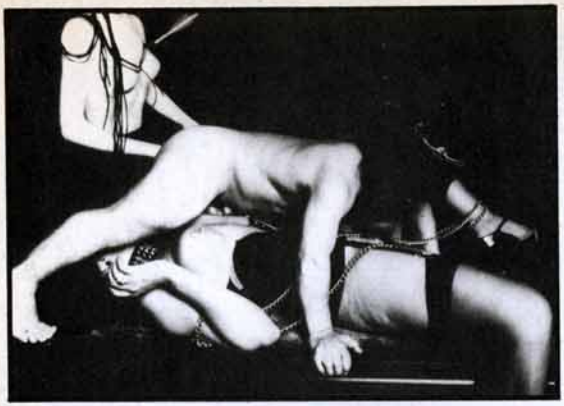


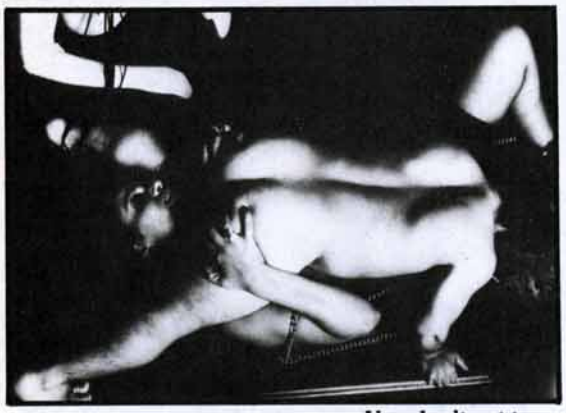




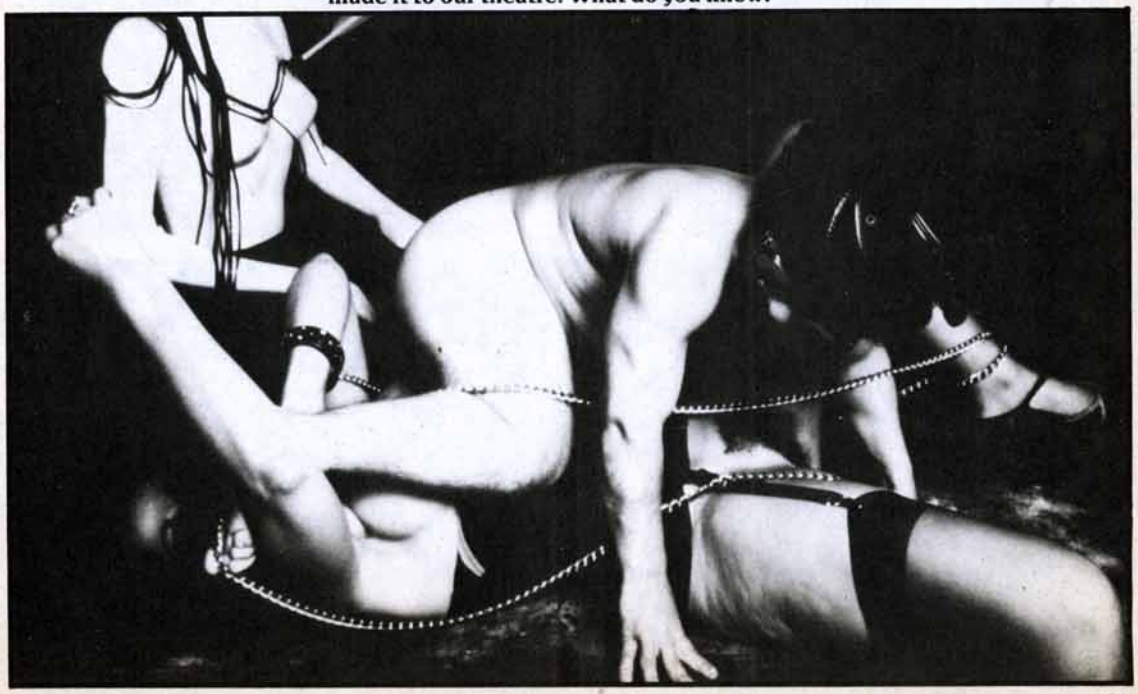






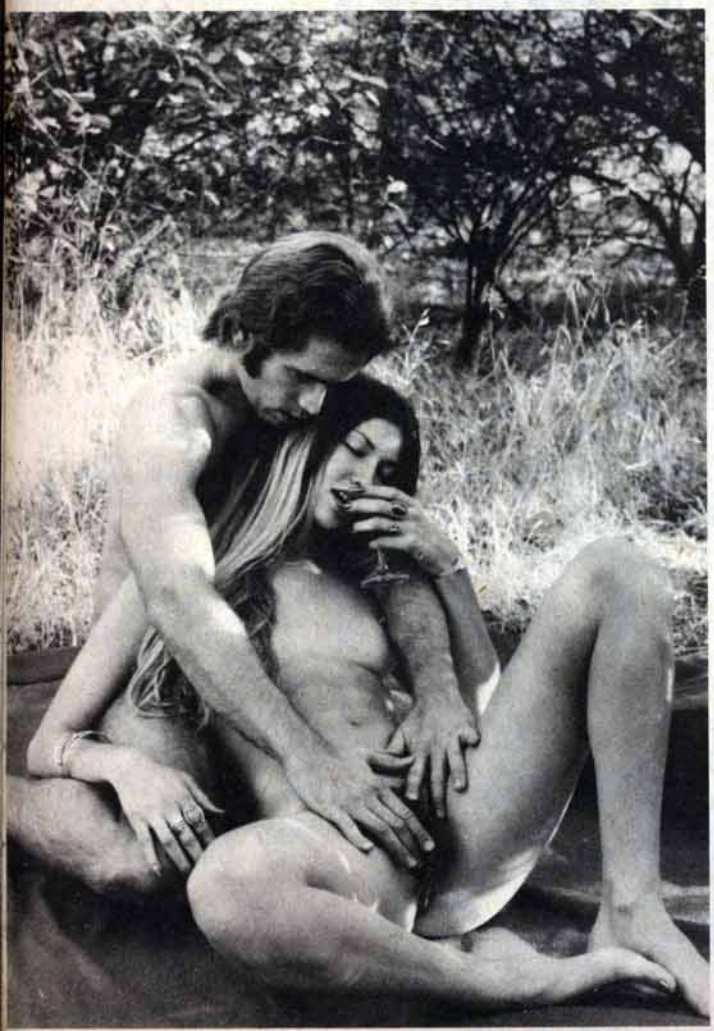


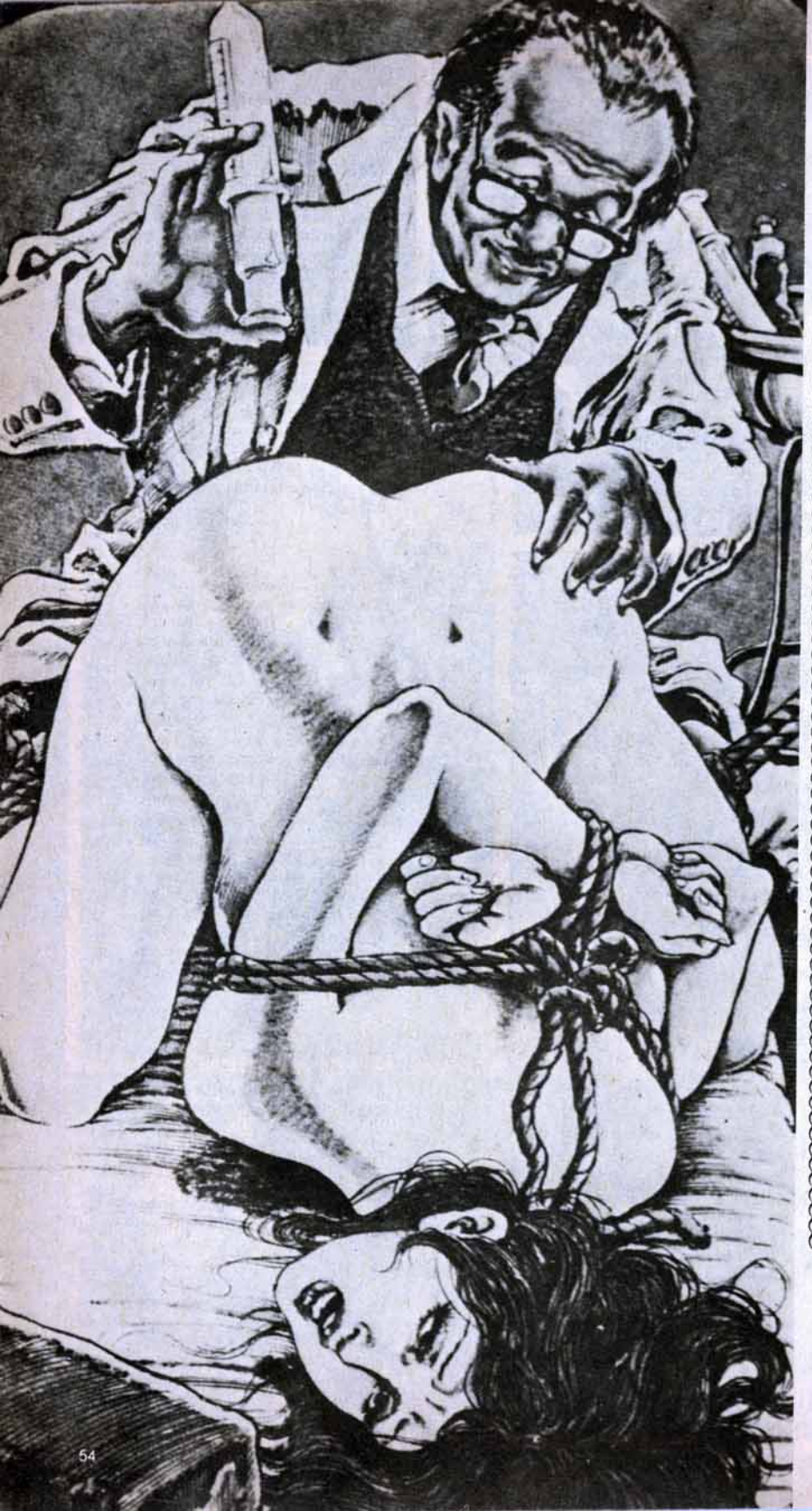
You don't get to see this kind of stuff every day, you know. That's why Joan & Afro make such an amusing porno team. When you see them in their next film you can stand up in the theatre and say, "Hey, there are Joan and Afro. They're made it to our theatre. What do you know!"



PICNIC ON THE GRASS

When Edouard Manet painted "Picnic on the Grass" in the mid-1800's, the sensibilities of the French public were shocked. French women in particular found the painting offensive because the women depicted were nude and the men clothed. In our more modern era, we advocate equality of the sexes, both dressed and undressed, in business and in pleasure. . .





Bondage Art

ATTENTION ALL BONDAGE FREAKS!

In case you didn't know, there's a tremendous bondage market in the Orient. Japanese rope brings thrill to the hot pictures of helpless pussies being tormented by twisted, evil, mad scientists and others of the genre.

The pictures we reproduce here are not even considered heavy; they come from ordinary *kid's comics!* Note the psychotic fellow with the enema tube, and the stinging acupuncture needles in the ripe juicy breasts of the helpless girls! They look pretty displeased, at the very least.

Since you're not a kid, and you're not in Japan, you can buy a whole set of pics right here in the U. S. of A. Look in your favorite porn shop for **BAMBOO**, published by Chelsea Distributors. Available in G&A Bookshops, New York.

Secrets of a 400 lb. Porno Actress

(Continued from page 13)

reaction, except a lot of people used to say, "Jesus Christ, sit down," or "get out of the way, we don't want to look at you!" But anyway, we had sort of a biblical set, and I was asleep in what was supposed to be a stall in the market place or a bazaar. I went to take a nap, it was pretty hot that day and we were all wearing this hideous biblical drag. I fell asleep, and when I woke up, I realized that there was no one around, and that the orgy scene that I had originally been with was no longer being filmed. So, being conscientious, I jumped to my feet to find out where the next orgy was, thinking, "Oh, my god, there's a crowd scene, and I'm supposed to *be* there, and I'm not there!" So I looked up the biblical street, as it were, and there was a donkey pen with a couple of donkeys. The crowd of extras was standing behind the camera, so I realized that I didn't have to worry about having missed a crowd scene. They were watching the filming of a scene where Lot was standing in front of this donkey pen, and he was saying, "Oh, God, why have you brought me here?" And behind him, in the donkey pen, was the fellow who enjoyed exposing himself, and he was trying to attack one of the donkeys sexually! I realized that the donkey could take care of itself. There he was; he had one arm around the donkey's neck, and he was trying to kiss it, and in the other hand he was playing with himself. Well, the donkey wasn't having any "thank you very much," and it got away from him. But that was my second moment of truth during the filming of that epic. And from there on things got weirder and weirder and weirder. I would suspect for a pornographic movie, it was pretty strange, cause there were a lot of people there, and because it was on location. On the whole it's pretty cold-blooded to fuck in front of a camera for money when you're doing it mechanically, and I noticed some people tried to establish relationships, to make this situation a little easier.

In another group scene where we were all standing around this campfire, and we were all supposed to be watching a wrestling match, there was a couple in front of me who were doing it standing up, rear entry, style and every time the camera would wheel around toward where this couple was standing, she would get very passionate and writhy, and emit lots of oohs and aahs and ughs and whatever. However, the minute the camera would go, she'd get very impatient with this guy, because he was bothering her. She really didn't want to have sex with him, but it meant $125. On this topic of group fucking there was an orgy scene where we were all sort of running around a campfire, and the director said, "Okay, everybody drop your clothes!" Well, I got off the set fast. This was taking place at night, and everybody had been provided with a little booze, because it was very cold up there. So here were these people all going nude in the dirt, fucking or whatever they were doing, and again, the camera was panning around the circle, and also there was a fellow with a mike walking around. As the camera would come around, or the mike would come around, there would be *much* activity and *much* noise and *much* carrying-on. And when the camera and the mike would move away, things would simmer down considerably. It was all obviously calculated and a lot simulated as it would almost have to be. There was one lady there who was doing a number with a guy who she had been sort of sponsoring during the course of the film. She had been very sympathetic to this guy who had some problems, and she was almost mothering him. Well, they were finally screwing, missionary position, in the dirt, and she got very impatient with him—I guess her mother trip had worn off or something, and she kept urging him to finish, and when he finally did, she jumped to her feet and yelled, "Where's the Jergen's lotion. I've got a pound of sand up my cunt!" So much for personal relationships.

It's pretty cold-blooded to fuck in front of a camera for money when you're doing it mechanically. I noticed some people tried to establish relationships to make the situation a little easier.

FLICK: Anything else you might want to mention about *Sodom and Gomorrah?*

PRISCILLA: There are a couple of things. The Mitchell Brothers are very good at publicity, and they did a very funny thing before the movie was filmed. They had an article in one of the underground papers about what a family affair this movie was going to be, and how everybody was going to get together. And they had this big picnic which I did not attend, and the idea was that, if people didn't want to work with each other, they'd find out at this picnic, and so on and so forth. And the irony of all this is that they wound up with all this very mixed-up cast, as you would expect, a large group of very different people. One of the girls disappeared during the shooting, for reasons I don't know; they had two people playing this same role in the finished film. And another thing that was funny was, in spite of all this talk about making us comfortable, they had two guys who were extremely cuckoo, one of whom was going around playing with himself all the time—I mentioned him earlier—and another guy who was his sidekick. I thought this was real funny in terms of the family feeling we were supposed to have. The other story was about this film. Again, very few of the people in this film were really actors, but they took themselves fairly seriously. We had one scene where the people from Sodom were coming up the hill, and the people from Gomorrah were marching down; and I was one of the—you should pardon the expression—Sodomites. So we came trekking up this hill in our biblical drag, and these two main characters would greet each other. Well, unfortunately, the Gomorrah coming down the hill kept forgetting his own character's name and the name of the other character. He got it mixed up, and he would greet the other man with his *own* character's name, so instead of saying whatever the name was, Beersha, he'd call him by his own name; the other guy would say to him, "Hail, Beerah," and he'd look back at him and say, "Hail, Beerah." And we had to keep refilming this scene, and we kept marching up and down that hill till the point of no return, and finally, they decided to dub in the line! It was really funny. So much for acting. One of the funniest things I ever did in a porno was as an extra with some friends of mine in a movie called *One of a Kind.*

FLICK: When was that made?

PRISCILLA: This was a year or two years ago. I got a call from a friend of mine, who asked if I wanted to be an extra, and I said okay. He told me what the pay scale was, and it wasn't penomenal, but it was certainly generous for half a day's work. We were costumed to try to look like the Forties. Now you can imagine sending out a call like this to a bunch of extras in San Francisco—look out! I had a wonderful old hat and some wedgies and a cape, because I didn't have a dress that would look Forties. And one of the women was wearing a very thrift-shop prom formal from the Forties and all this kind of thing. And we showed up to meet these people at a motel. And here we were bumbling around this hotel in Marin looking for these pronographers, and we finally found them, and they parked us in the coffee shop, where we proceeded to carry on and outrage everyone. There were about six of us. Finally, they picked us up and they took us to a house, a private house where they were filming. All we knew was we were supposed to be members of a family. When we got to the house—we had changed into our outrageous outfits. Here's the plt; this man has built an accordion out of spare parts in a music shop where he works, and whenever he plays this accordion, everyone gets *turned on.* So, having been given this background, we were, I guess, supposed to play any character we saw fit to play. So, our work consisted of; number one, standing up and shaking hands with him when he came in the door and saying "hi;" number two, doing the action shots of our reacting to the music, getting all turned on; and number three, we all paired off in couples, and we left the room, a couple at a time, presumably to get it on someplace. Now the

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funny thing about this was, that we were all local actors who were used to doing regular theater, and the way this was presented was so funny, I mean, it was all so artificial and off-the-wall, that we got into this whole trip about doing all the cliches from lust, you know, like running the tongue along the lips, running the hands along the thighs, all this stuff; it was *wonderful!* And we were all laughing hysterically, and every time the camera went off us, we just fell apart, fell on the floor and what-not. But I had the chance to see this film later, and it was *very* funny. The movie was that the man who had made the accordion was an old man in the present, selling the accordion, and recalling all these past sexual incidents. And all the flashbacks were very high class—they were in sepia tone. And whenever anybody came, the sepia tone went *pink*. This is what I consider class. So anyway, I went to see this film, and I sat through the first couple of scenes, and we finally got to our scene, and I saw what he had done; it was absolutely brilliant. He had filmed us with fisheye lens, and in sepia tone, so that the fact that our costumes were really shoddy didn't matter, because the sepia tone took care of that detail, and the fisheye lens—it didn't matter what we were doing. The fact that we were camping outrageously—it was all right, you know. I really have to say, whoever the guy was who made the film, I think he did a brilliant job.

FLICK: In this film did they actually show explicit sex scenes, using the same couples, or some of the same couples?

PRISCILLA: No, we were not in the sex scenes. We were hired simply to dress the set and be the family, and as soon as each of us said our little line—mine was, "Rupert, I have to talk to you—" that's how I got my partner off the set, presumably to get it on. We all went out in the backyard and giggled and carried on for a while, and then we got our money and went home. And there we were—I have to tell you the end of this story. We were hysterical anyway, the whole thing was so funny. And we were out in the backyard—as soon as we were off camera we went out of the house and into the backyard, where we were just hooting and laughing and carrying on—and finally when we were finished, the guy paid us *in cash*. And we to all crawl back in our van, go the bank, and get one guy to be the runner, send him into the bank having firgured out how we were going to divide the money to get the appropriate bills. So then he had to come back, and there we were, sitting in the van dividing the money, and I felt it was a very appropriate ending.

FLICK: Did you see any of the sex scenes? Were you aware while they were being filmed? Or in the movie itself?

PRISCILLA: No, only in the theater. I sat through one sex scene. Oh, it was hard-core.

FLICK: Even though you weren't in any of the sex scenes in that movie, when you did see it on the screen, what connection did you make between your role as an extra and the sex scenes that were performed on the screen? In other words, I gather that the sex scenes were supposed to represent the people who were dancing in front of the accordion—

PRISCILLA: Oh, I see what you're saying. Okay, no, I did not see—I know there was an orgy scene—I never saw it—I am above all things a ham and an egotist. I stayed only until the scene we were in was over and then I left. So I did not see the orgy scene to see whether any of the people looked like us. I don't think they did.

FLICK: My question in response to what you've just said is; have you seen any pornographic movies that you would consider artistic, in the traditional sense, or creative, more than a superficial quickie plot? Or do you see a total separation between pornography and films of artistic merit?

PRISCILLA: Well, the film that has come out recently, the Japanese film *In the Realm of the Senses*, is an example of sex being used legitimately to make a statement. That's a very interesting film, because the sex ranges from erotic to very unerotic. When it becomes an obsession, this woman just can't leave this man alone, and she finally subdues him by the end of the movie. The sex—some of the sex is boring, some of it is unpleasant, some of it is very erotic—it depends on what is intended. And in that, I think that's a very successful movie, in its handling of the sex as part of the theme; the theme is an obsession.

FLICK: That film played in New York recently.

IN THE REALM OF THE SENSES—In Japanese; English titles, took a federal court to put customs officials in their place by countermanding the censorship that prevented this controversial film from being shown at the last New York film festival. Now the public can see what the furor was about.

This is for strong tastes, not only because of the hardcore sex, but also because of the macabre story, based on a 1930s relationship that made newspaper headlines in Japan. Daring director Nagisa Oshima explores an obsessive sexual relationship between an insatiable woman and a man willing to follow her demands to the limit to a ghastly conclusion of death and castration. It is not exactly my favorite slice of life.

However, Oshima's film is noteworthy as a serious attempt to expand the potential for the use of explicit sex in works that attempt to probe and define behavior and the demands individuals inflict upon each other. Performers Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji make an attractive team, and the photography is first-rate, often dazzling in its beauty. But as the lovers progress toward the inevitable, the drama becomes tiresome—and for those who prefer to have their sex and live, too, more than a little sick.

PRISCILLA: Another interesting film is *Autobiography of a Flea*. It was kind of fun and by the Mitchell Brothers. The sets and costumes were great. But again, it probably would have artistically been a funnier movie if they hadn't had explicit sex in it, and had just hired a bunch of actors. They did have some actors in the film, a friend of mine, in particular, who plays the uncle of the lead. It was a pretty ambitious undertaking, and the look of the film is really nice. It's the first porno film I've seen where the costumes and stuff look nice, cause it's Nineteenth Century, early Nineteenth Century. The other film, back to Georgina Spelvin, the one she made, *The Devil in Miss Jones*, had some very arty photography and some very erotic effects, that had to do with things like skin texture. And it had a story and it had acting. I thought it was very well done. It was probably one of the better ones I've seen.

FLICK: You mentioned *Autobiography of a Flea*; just briefly, you might want to recall the basic plot outline, since you do consider that one of the better-made pornographic films that you've seen.

PRISCILLA: Well, it was taken from a book of literature, obviously; it wasn't some script that the moviemakers put together themselves. It's the story of a flea who is living on the person of a teenage girl, and then he relates her sexual adventures. In the course of the film she is seduced by a monk, and goes through a lot of sexual adventures. Finally, at the end of the film, the flea goes elsewhere to live. She and another young girl go off to live with the monks. Of course, there are some group sex scenes, and there are some individual sex scenes. I think some of the sex in that

film was simulated, and also, they did away with a lot of the obligatory entrance shots in that film:not so much film of penises entering vaginas, they left a lot of that to the imagination. They tried to get away from some of that, I think, and I suspect that's the director, who is being touted as the first woman porn director, Sharon McKnight, who obviously put a lot of work into this.

FLICK: I want to ask you, Priscilla, what your plans are for the immediate or later future, if you think you'll be participating in any more porno films, or if you have other plans in the theater.

PRISCILLA: Well, a friend of mine is hoping to do a film sometime this year. He's trying to get backers, and he has written a script that is pretty funny. It would be a comedy with sex in it. His name is Dale Meador, and he was the actor I was talking about in *Autobiography of a Flea*, who played the uncle. He's a good actor, he's had a lot of experience in theater, directing and acting, and he's had some experience not only acting in pornos, but directing. This would be his first attempt at writing his own, and he hopes to make it this year. I would be playing a character part in that. As far as future ambitions go, my first love is live theater, but I also like film very much, and I feel that the best way to make a living is probably film. And that's what I hope to continue doing, although I would like to get into union work and work in regular films. Porno films, and I've done other films too, where I'm paid, but I don't have an option to join the union, and that't my next project: to join the union, and to get into regular feature films.

FLICK: Tell us, Priscilla, about your latest film.

PRISCILLA: I made a film which has not yet been released, in which I play a foreign woman. The company is called Candid Image, but I have no idea what the film is called. We were working on this under rather difficult circumstances because we were doing outdoor filming, and because we just had this little camper for everybody to sit in while there was various shots being filmed using other people. It was gruesome being stuck with two female feature players important to the film who talked incessantly trying to convince us all what hot fucks their were, how wonderful it all was, and what a relief it was to get away from their boyfriends for a while. They came off sounding like semi-professional hookers. The interesting thing about these girls was they were always "on", you know, even when we were riding back and forth from the city. There was a lot of carrying on and making public spectacles of themselves. They were young and projected this feeling that they somehow had to be on display a lot of the time, and maybe that has something to do with the overall aura of pornographic films. Were they sexual exhibitionists? I'm just not really clear on that. I suppose in a sense to make films you'd have to be. On the other hand, there was a woman in this particular film, who clearly was not into exhibiting herself sexually. She came across rather badly in the film, although she was a very beautiful woman. But she was really dead.

FLICK: What about the men?

PRISCILLA: I really had less contact with the men in the film, and one of them, at least, certainly doesn't fit into the exhibitionist category, as I remember him. You know, he seemed pretty quiet and stable. The problem is that it's not so much that people are sexual exhibitionists, it's how they rationalize fucking for money on camera, because I think a lot of them do have problems rationalizing that. That's my feeling. They they have to convince themselves that they're actors, and that this is a serious acting job, or they have to convince themselves that it's all a glorious lark, or they have to convince themselves that, well, it's just another way to make money, or whatever; but I think they do, a lot of them, have some trouble rationalizing this.

FLICK: You were with a group called *Les Nickelettes*?

PRISCILLA: Yes. The group started out as simply and off-the-wall act before the midnight movies at San Francisco's O'Farrell Theatre, the first Mitchell Brothers' Theatre. There used to be midnight movies for a nickel, the Nickelodeon. It was incredible! The girls would just get together a while before the movie and they would decide what they were going to do, and they would get out there and sing or dance or whatever, or rollerskate—anything, it didn't really matter. Then the film would come on.

FLICK: It was sort of a warmup act?

PRISCILLA: Yes, except that the midnight movies were not pornographic. They were old films, classics. The regular feature at the O'Farrell would be pornographic, but this was simply a midnight movie for the freaks. So I began working with them on these Sunday night shows. The group got together like a committee, and we would decide what the theme of the show would be, whether it was going to be Western, or whether it was going to be Hollywood, or whatever. We would put together a few song parodies, and then we would do them. At first we had a pianist, and then later we lost our pianist, so the music became more of a problem.

The scripts, the scenarios started getting more linear. We started going from a general theme like Hollywood or Western to things like take-offs on fairy tales, like *Peter Pan* or *Alice in Wonderland*, you know, the Lewis Carroll thing, or whatever. The scripts got more elaborate and finally, probably the most elaborate thing we did was a production of *Peter Pan*, a rock musical fairy tale, a year ago. Skits on sex were satirical takeoffs on images of women, especially images of women as dizzy showgirls. We had a whole routine going. Unfortunately, there were reviewers who saw this as the real us. They thought we

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were just as bad—as far as exploting tits and ass—as the shows in North Beach; and one reviewer said that in *City Magazine*. We always thought that we were being funny about it, but other people may not have felt that way. We used a lot of material about sex. Sex was one of the main themes: men vs. women.

FLICK: Give some examples of how Les Nickelettes reflected the lifestyle in California.

PRISCILLA: "California mellow." Most of the women in the group were not your average middle-class housewife, obviously. We did a show at a nightclub, the Mabuhay Gardens, on the off nights when it wasn't a Filipino family supper club, called "It's Vicious Out There," in which we women were all street people; I was a wino, and somebody else was a hooker, and someone else was a stripper, whatever. Then we had a police officer and a social worker. Our scenarios at this time were still loosely based on a format where everybody did an individual routine, a monologue or a song or whatever.

FLICK: That's unique.

PRISCILLA: The police officer had come to the corner of Hayes and Laguna in San Francisco, which is a pretty seedy corner, and was interviewing us all as rape suspects. And in fat we were all put in jail, and their we would all tell our little stories. On the same bill with that show, we had a show called, "Miss Hysterical," which was a takeoff on Miss Universe. We came out and did outrageous things. One girl who looked extremely virginal came out and skipped rope and sang a dirty song. In this particular show the contest was decided by playing musical chairs, which got extremely vicious and extremely competitive; and the worse it got, the funnier it got as well. In terms of California phenomena and what's happening, the *Nickelettes* came after the *Cockettes*, which had great success both here and in New York. The *Nickelettes* were all women, but we went in for makeup that was very similar to the *Cockettes*, you know lots of glitter, weird costumes. We were like kids dressing up in adult clothes or playing house. Because of this physical appearance, because of our strange costumes and glitter makeup and what-not, a lot of people persisted in thinking we were like the *Cockettes* and men in drag. It was one of the funnier situations in working with that group. ●

How Erotic Films Overcome Sex Problems

(Continued from page 5)

with people who enoly erotica. If there's any question that deserves an honest answer, it should be what are these sex vigilantes so afraid of!

Pornography has become the favorite scapegoat of people who must secretly share unsatisfactory sex lives. Ignorance is indeed bliss when it comes to sexual behavior with the anti-porn people. Possibly the true perverts are these sex vigilantes when it comes to common sense, sex behavior and the intolerance they have for their neighbor's morals.

Isn't it odd that we rarely read in the papers that so-and-so committed a sex crime because he saw an X-rated film. Yet every day we do read of terrible crimes committed on girl scouts, children and when the culprit is examined we find that he's always been sexually frustrated and brought up in an environment where sex was considered "filthy."

The latest crusade of other people and their anti-Gay campaign against equal rights further emphasizes the point. They're so afraid of gays turning their children into homosexuals and lesbians, which, incidentally, you also rarely read in the papers, thay they never have any answers (or concern it seems) for those heterosexuals that rape and murder, entice small children into sexual acts, "flash" their organs in doorways or do the Peeping Tom bit. Common sense alone tells us what's perverted and what isn't and the gays, bisexuals and heterosexuals who enjoy erotic films are not depraved people. The threat to sexual enjoyment and education is not the "pornographer", but the people that are so frightened of it.

Probably the best study undertaken on pornography- at the request of a president of the United States- was the U.S. Commission on Obscenity and Pornography. The report, which should be made mandatory reading requirement for the anti-smut people, clearly emphasizes and proves that because one enjoys pornography does not mean the person is depraved or perverted. Furthermore, the study shows that people who do enjoy porn 'tend' to be well-educated and socially active."

It's too bad that this particular president went out of his way to play down the commission's report as "immoral" because it didn't say what he wanted it to say. Though this president disagreed with the finding of professional and skilled psychiatrists, psychologists and doctors, he, himself made the word "immoral" with his conduct as the most immoral president (and man) our nation ever had. Watergate will always be his Waterloo. Nevertheless, the commission's report is available in any book store if one wants to verify the facts calmly without an emotional tirade.

Putting aside the anti-porn vigilantes, erotic films is actually one of the best methods to educate people who have various sex problems such as frigidity or reluctance to perform certain sex acts. Why porno films? If one wants to learn the correct way to play tennis or golf, they go to a tennis or golf pro. In a similar manner, many porn actors and actresses are professionals when it comes to sex.

One can have good aptitude to become

a musician, but you still have to learn certain basic fundamentals; how to read music, how to play the instrument, etc. The analogy fiss everything whether it's driving a car or playing Backgammon. You must learn a few rules. So why shouldn't that apply to the most exciting and intimate act between people? That's why X-rated films are not only erotic and entertaining, but an education as well.

A new study put out by NESB(National Ecletic Sex Bureau) strongly underscores the benefits reaped by people who had certain sex problems and who used erotic films to solve them. The word Electic means choosing what appears to be the best from many diverse sources. In conjunction with sex, it simply means that one type of sex act may work better or bring ultimate satisfaction than another kind of sex act. The following case histories will serve as an example of the studies made by NESB.

Doris--, 26, 5'7, 109 lbs, long, straight black hair, blue eyes, a lovely figure and single. Doris was a dental technician who could've easily become a top mode, but was always afraid to show her body to anyone.

The study showed that Doris was an orphan. Though she was brought up in a fairly-good orphanage, she was often made the butt of cruel jokes by the other children. In addition she never received any proper sex education, except for the stereotyped warning that "Men only want one thing from women.'

Doris was a virgin until she was 22, which is considered quite old these days. As a matter of fact, one of the NESB psychiatrists said "Virginity is no longer a virtue; it's a condition." Unfortunately, when Doris was "deflowered" it was done by a young man she had met who was an excellent lifeguard but a terrible lover. naturally, that first time is very important, especially if it's unpleasant as was the case with Doris.

She abstained from sex for another sixteen months and then met a photographer. He, on the other hand, was an excellent lover, but unable to reach Doris' mind and emotions. Her fears and inhibitions were stronger than his emotional strength and after eighteen months, they broke up. He married within three months, which crushed Doris.

She was now 25, but very immature when it came to sex. One day a patient, who had seen her boss (the dentist), forgot a large, clasp envelope. He was a good-looking young man and called Doris as she was closing the office to ask if he had left an envelope there. Doris said yes and that she'd hold it for him until the next morning.

The envelope was unsealed and out of idle curiosity, Doris looked inside. There were a dozen 8 x 10 photographs of the patient performing "wild sex acts" with two women. The young man was a porn film actor and these were stills from his latest movie. Doris' first reaction was guilt and embarassement, but as she was alone she continued to look at the photos. "And the more I looked, the more aroused I became," she said.

Instinctively, she touched herself and "I was extremely wet down there." The feeling was so intense that before she realized what she was doing, she masturbated. "I felt so content and relaxed afterwards I fell asleep in the office." She took the photos home and masturbated "quite a bit. I kept pretending I was both girls and I wanted so very much to experience the real thing."

The next morning Doris told the young man she had seen the photographs. Because he as a professional porn actor, he didn't give Doris the "bum's rush." They had lunch, started dating. Doris found him kind, understanding and easy to talk to and began to trust him. Her trust paid off in more ways than one; she not only freed herself of all her sexual inhibitions, but as this article is written she and her young man got married.

As to how she felt marrying a porn actor, who makes it with other women, Doris said, "The important thing is that Danny loves me and I love him, but I also enjoy his movies. We have dinner many times with the women and men he works with and all I know is I'm happy and I'm making up for all those miserable years of sex frustration."

Terry and Paul--. Terry's a beautiful blonde, 28 years old. Paul's 32, a pleasant-looking man. They've been married ten years and were childhood sweethearts. They have two children, a boy seven, a girl five. On the surface, a typical happy couple.

In reality, they had a miserable sex life. Both Terry and Paul had "peculiar" desires for members of their own sex. We first have to understand that both grew up together in a small town in Vermont under what seemed to be a hetereosexual environment. It wasn't, but we're not concerned with that. During the early years of their marriage, the sex was "sort of nice, but not exciting." Terry and Paul were better friends than lovers.

Paul got an excellent job offer in Boston and they moved there. Over the years, incidentally, both realized something was "missing in our sex life," but neither could verbalize it to the other because Terry didn't want Paul to think she was a lesbian and vice versa with Paul as a homosexual.

One evening they had dinner with Paul's boss, Harold, and his pretty wife, Charlotte. Harold and Charlotte were "swingers." They took Paul and Terry to Boston's red-light district to see a porn movie. It so happened the film was all about bisexuals. Suddenly, the younger couple were watching men not only making it with women, but with men and women. They became very aroused by what they saw, especially when one of the actresses "directed" three men in certain sex acts upon each other.

(Please turn page)

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When they got home, they couldn't stop talking about the film and both had "the best sex we ever had in our marriage." The more they talked the more they realized what they had missed by not being able to tell each other what they really enjoyed sexually. Their biggest fears was if they had a relationship with the same sex, that it would suddenly make them a homosexual or lesbian. They never thought there was a middle road; bisexuality.

Terry and Paul began to frequent porn films; the more they saw, the better their own sex life became. When Paul's boss invited them to his home one weekend, the long-repressed events took place. Under the tutelage of Harold and Charlotte, Terry and Paul not only "switched partners", but participated bisexually.

The fact that Terry was so turned on," Paul told us, "by seeing Harold and I doing each other turned me on even more. And when she and Charlotte went down on each other, I couldn't believe how exciting it was."

Today, Terry and Paul have their own erotic film collection and their own circle of bisexual friends. Terry says, "I was wrong to believe that sex must only be done a certain way. Our marriage is secure now and I love to see Paul with another man as he does me with women. Erotic movies saved our marriage."

Jeanie and Dan, 32, 36. Dan's a trucker and hauls merchandise from Pennsylvania to Georgia, Jeanie's a schoolteacher. This is the second marriage for both. Jeanie's first marriage ended for the same reason that Dan ended his; sexual incompatability. In Dan's case, his wife claimed that he made enormous sex demands of her, which she either was incapable of doing or had no desire to do them. The same applies to Jeanie's desires with her first husband.

Jeanie met Dan at a local pub in their neighborhood. Both were already divorced. It so happened the pub had a television set with cable TV that showed a contest where women wore T-shirts that were sprayed with water. accentuating their breasts through the jersies. The women took turns dancing and the winner of the dance contest received a free weekend at a resort.

Dan and Jeanie talked to each other while watching the tv show. Jeanie remarked that it'd be fun to wear a T-shirt and have it "soaked" and then do a dance "or whatever." Dan agreed it'd be fun. One thing led to another and Dan asked Jeanie for a date the following evening.

Jeanie always wanted to see a porn film, but her husband thought them "disgusting." "Funny, my ex felt the same way," Dan said, so that first night they saw a porn movie. Jeanie found it "very stimulating" and stayed with Dan that evening. Dan told us, "I never met such a fantastic woman! Everything I always wanted to do sexually, she wanted to try, too."

It turned out that both had overly high sex drives. Psychiatrists say that relationships can cease between people if one has a low sex drive and the other high. This may sound simplistic, but it isn't. People have low, moderate and high sex drives and though they may have other things in common (mutual likes, dislikes) a high sex drive is incompatible with a low sex drive. Dan enjoyed porn films; Jeanie did, too, but never was aware of it until she had the opportunity of seeing them when she met Dan.

X-rated films became a mutual bond between Dan and Jeanie and because their sex life was so fulfilling, they were able to look at the other ingredients in their relationship and soon married. "We're both happy," Jeanie said, "that porno films are our favorite pastime." Conclusion: the next time anyone rants that sex films are the works of the devil, the real devil could well be in the minds of those people who are so up tight about erotic films to begin with. ●

Great "Young Bottoms"

(Continued from page 7)

called "Rope Tricks" which offers pretty much the same sort of complete roping found in "Meter Maids", and another one that offers a short, five minute interlude of a hanging maiden.

A new company, Sex Obsessions, is gaining fame with their assortment of hardcore films. A creditabe entry is called "Jungle Sex" and it takes place in a make-believe forest. There two energetic young couples engage in a whole lotta fucking and sucking, punctuated by drippy oral cumshots.

From "Continental" comes a fine film called "School". The film takes place in a classroom. Two pretty chicks are getting a lesson. Suddenly, a tomato is thrown at the teacher. Who did it—the two chicks or the mean wiseguy in the back row? The teacher goes after the chicks and strips them down for punishment—but then he relents. He and the guy in the back row pair the chicks off and give them the fucking of their lives.

The blackboard is taken off the wall, put on the seats and used for a bed. There are lots of fine shots of fresh young pussy being fucked over heavily. Following a load of hot action, there's a cum shot all over one girl's ass. Another girl takes a cock down her throat and sucks it reverently while the teacher grabs hold of her pure white boobies and squeezes an orgasm out of her.

The two chicks get a thorough pounding and really enjoy the lesson. Viewers will find this one an excellent flick. In fact porn fans will enjoy them all. For specialized tastes, "Meter Maid" might tie things up nicely. "Jungle Sex" is a good grouping and "Young Bottoms" offers a fantastic assortment of goodies from improbable

lezzie positions to a three-pronged porno attack.

All films mentioned in the column were provided for review by the redoubtable rogues of Kinematics, Box 352, New York 10036. •

SEX IN MOVIE BALCONIES

(Continued from page 10)

Then he said, "Pucker up your lips, sweetheart. Now blow me!"

Felicia hungrily sucked on the guy's cock while the others pulled their pants down and formed a waiting line. She carressed the guy's balls as she sucked and sucked until she tasted the flood of gushing cum. The next guy sank his dick down her throat and she sucked some more. She maneuvered herself on her knees and signaled with a free hand for the next man to plug her burning cunt. He obliged readily. Felicia was delerious, feeling the cock churning into her cunt while her mouth ached around the stuffingly fat rod that was jamming down her throat. Her cheeks dripped with come, her mouth was wet with it, her cunt hairs were seeping with it, the squishy sounds could be heard above the din of the movies.

Suddenly the theater manager appeared, storming up from the stairway.

"Mrs. Farbleman, I've had complaints from down—"

He couldn't believe what he saw in the misty darkness. His new usherette ushering a gushing cock in her cunt and another spurting across her smiling face. Felicia wiped some come away and squinted up at the manager.

"Be right with you, sir," she garbled through a mouthful of come and cock.

The manager was too stunned to do anything but stand and wait as she patiently licked up her last cock and the patrons eased back into their seats. Felicia got up on unsteady legs, her face like an ad for shaving cream. Wetness shimmered down her thighs. She swayed from side to side, licking her lips, still tasting the come.

"I—I guess it's the Lovelip Cinema all over again," she said with a half-smile and a shrug. "I just can't keep my hands out of my cunt. Do—do I get another chance?"

"Yeah," the manager replied. He gave a little twitch of the lip as he pulled his cock out. "Say hellow to Big Louie," he said, waving his stiff cock in her face.

Felicia reached out with a hand and shook the bobbing rod. It felt hot. She got down to her job enthusiastically, playing with his balls and sucking away. The patrons began to form a line again, and one scooted underneath to eat out the girl's cunt.

"Now listen here, you guys," the manager gasped while he felt the girl's

(Please turn page)

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expert tongue slipping and sliding over his stiff. "From now on admission to the balcony is $10 each!"

The manager came with convulsive wads and before Felicia knew it, the guy was saying "Play it again," sticking his still-hard cock back down her throat for another go.

"Mmmmm," thought Felicia, "at the Lovelip I just saw fuck flicks—but here at the Pixfair, I'm gonna be able to fuck, fuck, fuck! That'll relieve the boredom of an usherette's job! Mmmmmm! Stuff my cunt! Yes! Stuff my mouffffmmm."

For the first time in quite a while, Felicia was looking forward to an eight hour day. ●

Chubby Chasers

(Continued from page 16)

his positive attitudes toward fat people (and even now due to the persecution of the thin majority) the psychological toll was terrible, experiencing up and down fat fluctuations. Imagine how stringent on-again, off-again dieting could shatter ones reflexes, judgements and nerves. Personally, my wife and I would have screaming nonsensical arguments, wild drinking sprees and bursts of intense but meaningless activity.

At the time it never occured to us that our diets might be to blame. Finally we came to a decision. We'd had enough of pretense. Even when thin, we were really "thin" fat people, and the time had come for us to admit to our fatness. So, at age 33, we took the big step. We dropped out of the Thin Culture.

My wife had just had a baby and wasn't planning to return to work—so in her case much of the pressure to be thin was removed. A year later I adjusted my practice, taking on mostly patients with sex and weight questions. I decided that I should just start eating normally, too, since the only image I'd tarnish by being overwieght was my image of myself.

Each pound that we put on made use feel physically better and more relaxed. We discovered that we could finally concentrate on what we were doing. No longer did we live with one eye on the refrigerator door, the other on the clock.

Food lost its importance. As a matter of fact, we rarely thought about it. Our weights rose to a certain point, and settled there. They haven't changed in the last four years. And they are far, far above the "norms." They are our natural weights, and while our figures might not be esthetically pleasing to others, they're comfortable for us.

One question continue to nag us, however. What about our health? At the New York Academy of Medicine's library I researched data on adult obesity which, if more widely known, would free generations of Americans from fad diets, questionable (if not dangerous) medication and lives of useless denial.

Briefly the facts of my research are these:

There are fat people and there are thin people. Both are what they are by heredity and the eating habits they acquired as infants. In other words, my research indicates the number of *adipose* (fat) cells become fixed in childhood and cannot be changed later on. Diet can only modify the amount of fat these cells store, but such forced changes, in our experience, are not only likely to be temporary but can actually cause physical and emotion damage.

My collegue at Yale reported to the American College of Physicians, "The five-year cure rate for obesity is virtually zero—most people who lose excess weight soon gain it back." Another doctor writing in the *Archives of Internal Medicine* states, "Reviews of the published long-term results of the treatment of obesity tends to support the proposal that at present it is incurable." And, at the Mayo Clinic a doctor said this, "How urgent is weight reduction? Is the patient tolerating his obesity well, and perhaps even enjoying it? How serious is the patient's need to remain obese? Overeating may be a means of releasing simple tension in some persons, but in some persons overeating and obesity may be an important defense against destructive emotional forces."

Dieting often unleashes these forces. My collegue at the University of Pennsylvania states that more than one out of three patients in a control group suffered "severe emotional upsets" while dieting. One wonders how much mischief is created in the world by "thin fat men," particularly those who are required to diet because they are in the public eye.

Part of the liturgy of the slimness cult says that fatness is invariably harmful to health—but even this is doubtful, and my wife and I feel much better when we are fat than when we are struggling to get thin.

According to a Harvard nutritionist, on-gain, off-again dieting with wide fluctuations in weight, can be more harmful than staying at a somewhat elevated weight. Furthermore, for those who survive a heart attack, the victims who are fat seem to live longer than the thin ones. Cancer seems to be unaffected by overweight. Some specialists have decided that fat people run a greater risk of having gall bladder trouble and contracting diabetes—but we all seem to run less risk of getting *tb*. And fat people have an unusually good track record for not committing suicide.

So we "fatties," as the chubby chasers have found out, are not being maligned for our own good, as we're so often told. Our persecution is based on aesthetic considerations. We are not pleasing to the eye—at least not to the thin majority's eye.

Will chubby chasers and other concerned people try to launch a cultural change to make the lives of fat people more rewarding sexually and in other human ways? Already there are some hopeful signs of change in the land. The recent announcement by two psychologists that sexual responsiveness in women was "positively and significantly correlated" with a general positive attitude toward food and eating, can only help the fat cause. Other nations have realized this instinctively, for example, in Europe, Asia and Africa where stout women are admired.

Now these attitudes are finding a voice in America where in New York a "Fat Liberation March" in Central Park turned out 500 people—fat and thin—for the event. They carried banners, "Fat Power," "Think Fat," "Buddha Was Fat," and "Help Cure Emaciation, Take A Fat Girl To Dinner." They also ceremoniously burned diet books.

People should be proud to be fat. We want to show we are happy, not guilty. Inside millions of thin Americans are fat men and women. Guilt is the lock that imprisons them. The time has come to turn the key. Maybe chubby chasers will lead the move toward fat liberation! ●

COITUS COUNTDOWN!

(Continued from page 22)

as I stretched out.

"Cause it's my goddam name." She was now standing right over my face. It occurred to me that I might be able to make her come if I could get my lips on her monster-sized mound of Venus. She lowered herself onto my face. I felt the warm, moist beaver touching my mouth and lips. I searched for her clit with my tongue.

Wilson began to rub her crotch on my face. The more I gobbled at her furry mound, the more she liked it. The juice was running heavily and I thought that she might come any second. Her body had begun to tremble slightly right before time was called. She slid her hot beaver down my stomach toward my dick. Slowly her strong pussy began to grip my pulsating pud. She worked her gash on my root with a steady rhythm.

By now my cock was so hard that I couldn't even come. I grabbed Wilson and threw her to the floor. I mounted her and began to plunge my hard-on deep into her chasm. If I had fucked her that hard for another thirty seconds, she would have been quivering with delight of orgasm. But the timekeeper brought the action to a halt.

The next two rolls of the dice were unfortunate. Susan landed on Pussyfart Lane, which causes the player to miss a turn. Gina then rolled doubles which put her back on Pecker Place. Since the same thing cannot be repeated in one game, she also lost her turn.

It was my turn again. I rolled the bones and ended up on Anal Island. I reached down and picked up a blue card. "Perform two acts on the ass of your choice." I looked at Susan. No, I thought her ass is too loose from the butt fucking I had just given her. Gina smiled at me. "Okay Gina, get your

(Please turn page)

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ass hole ready, I'm going to lick it." Gina shivered at the thought. She ran into the bathroom and quickly scrubbed her ass hole. It smelled sweet when I put my face in the crack of her ass.

My tongue ran between the cheeks of her round tail. She began to scream in short breaths as I started to suck on her tight anus. I worked quickly because of the two minute time limit. I got up behind her and started to ram my dick into her ass.

"I've never been fucked in the ass," she cried.$
cried.

"If the size of my cock scares you, then we'll just have to loosen up your little hole," I said, taking some lubricating jelly from the bowl. I greased her hole up good and walked over to the mantelpiece above the fireplace. I took a thin candle from its holder. "Here this ought to do it," I said, inserting the tip of the candle in her bung. I did not want to fuck her with my dick because I might come. I was determined to show these cunts that I have self control.

Slowly I worked the tip of the candle further into her shit shute. Gina moaned quietly as the candle pierced her sphincter. She started to breathe quickly in short gasps. "Please," she cried, "Put your dick in there. I need it up my ass." I was tempted to cornhole her but the timekeeper shouted for me to stop.

"Oh that was so good," she panted. "I want you to fuck me in the ass later on." I agreed that I would.

Wilson rolled the dice and ended up on a section marked Free Fucking. She drew the card and smiled. "It's blank. That means I can do whatever I want for ten minutes." She looked at the other two girls. "I think I'd like to kiss a little pussy. And I'd like for you two girls to kiss pussy too. You can watch chalky."

Wilson moved over to Susan and kissed her on the mouth. She then made Susan sit in the easy chair where she had knelt when I butt fucked her. Susan lifted her legs toward the ceiling so that her tight pink gash hung open ever so slightly. Wilson knelt down and began to finger the lips of Susan's sparsely covered crack. Susan moaned as Wilson first fingered and then sucked the furr-fringed fun knob.

As Wilson gobbled Susan's fine beaver, Gina moved behind her and began to run her fingers along the crack of Wilson's fine, firm ass. Wilson swung her ass in a circular motion as Gina's thin fingers found the most tender parts of the pink slit that now hung open. A trickle of pusys juice was hanging from Wilson's hairy hole. Gina got behind Wilson and began to put her face into Wilson's crotch. Susan and Wilson began to moan as the group clit-suck continued.

"Is this legal?" I asked, my hard dick throbbing.

Gina looked around at me with cunt juice

"Ive heard of people who get up with the chickens but I never heard of anyone going to bed with them."

trickling off her chin. "You bet your ass it is. The card said we can do what we want. Now if you'll excuse me, I am going to suck this pussy." She put her head back into Wilson's snatch.

It is not hard to imagine how my blue balls ached as I watched those three gorgeous cunts gobbling away at their own snatches. "If they can do anything they want," I said under my breath, "Then so can I." I looked down on the floor and saw the candle lying there. I picked it up and looked at Gina's lovely hole which was calling out to me. I inserted the candle in her pussy and began to work it slowly into the widening hole. Gina groaned as the waxy rod worked up cunt cream in her moist crack.

"How does that feel?" I laughed as I continued to fuck her with the candle. At that point all three girls stopped and looked at me.

"All right," Wilson said rising, "It's time to make this honky shoot a load of hot sperm. We gonna make him lose this game."

"Wait a minute," I protested, "What are you going to do?"

Wilson looked at the timer. "I've got six sexy minutes to do what I want." She pushed me back on the floor and grabbed my hard pounding rod in her hand. I began to breathe heavily as she massaged my hard root. It was all I could do to keep from coming as Wilson gave me a great hand job.

Wilson then moved up on my body. She put her pussy on my face. It was still warm and wet from Gina's sucking. As the dark pussy closed out the light, I felt Gina's warm lips closing over the head of my dick. Her lips tightened on my rod as her mouth worked up and down my joint. At that point I realized that it was ridiculous to hold back my load. I was about to let it fly when Gina stopped.

I still could not see with Wilson on my face, but I felt someone rubbing lubrication on my dick. I then felt the warm, tight muscles of Susan's sparsely covered crack going down on my root stick. She hunched on my peter, raising her baby-doll body up and down in a slow rhythm. Her hole gripped my dick even with the lubrication.

"All right," I said looking up from eating Wilson. "I'm going to come." Immediately the three girls looked at my swelling dick. Susan had gotten off and begun to stroke it with her hand. All three girls stroked, sucked and licked my peter until I shot a hot load that Wilson caught in her mouth and then passed along to the two other girls.

Coitus Countdown is a wonderful game to play with three or more people. The cards on each square provide an interesting variety of tricks. But anyone who plays better be prepared to lose—if you can lose by shooting a hot load of cream into a girl's face. That seems like winning to me. ●

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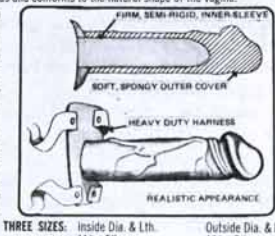

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Andrea True

(Continued from page 39)

ing. Later I went out to dinner with Talese and we traded information and became great friends. I was in a psychological stupor for a week after that, went into the fetal position and turned up my electric blanket to nine. It was very heavy.

FLICK: So the hard times have taught you some lesson, particularly on how to do business. You've learned to protect yourself.

ANDREA: After *Meatball* I started getting twisted calls from heavy breathers, really sick weirdo calls, and strange people started showing up at my home. I had a roommate at the time, a woman who is six-feet tall, and I was glad to have her around, really. And then there was the mad guy who everyone in porn circles is trying to catch who calls up girls, offers them $3,000 for a date and then beats them up, or takes them to another state and leaves them. He called me three or four times, but I'm not that stupid. You learn to be careful. From a business standpoint I have to watch that my pictures aren't used without authorization. People make a lot of money off of me. Like millions. Since *Meatball* I've been in an endless number of feature films, but one favorite is *Illusions of a Lady*, which was bizarre and requires heavy acting.

FLICK: That's a favorite. You see that one rerunning everywhere many times.

ANDREA: In that film I play a psychiatrist who gets raped by her father then tries to destroy her parents' marriage through a sexual weekend at her country home. You have to see the film to find out what happens to her. *Variety* gave us a good review. The producers spent $100,000 to make it, and spent a year editing it. I've signed 4,500 autographs on Broadway to date for *Illusions*, and believe me, I met my audience.

FLICK: You mentioned what they are like before, but add a bit, Andrea.

ANDREA: They are everything from your hardhat to upper-class professionals. Many of them are your Brooks-Brothers three-piece suit guys who can pay the premium $5 admission and who have two hours for lunch. They are really nice and clean. Maybe some of them jerk off in the theatre. In winter they have their coats to put over their laps. In summer it's different. When I meet them, I can get into heavy intellectual raps, and they bring me flowers and candy. They want to find out where I am, and when they realize I'm intelligent, they're shocked. They want me to be a Broadway stripper type. We talk about the scripts of the films—porno after all is utter reality—and discuss how the situations in the film are taken from real life.

FLICK: Do you believe that?

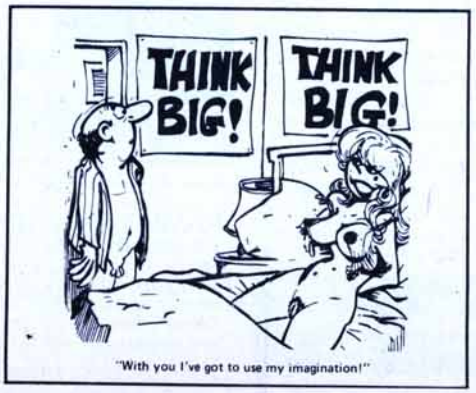
ANDREA: How many people keep their lights on when they screw? How many people have seen their genitals? It's hard unless you have mirrors, or take pictures. Another film, *The Seduction of Lynn Carter*, is as realistic as the *Devil in Miss Jones*.

FLICK: How did you ever become so independent, Andrea?

ANDREA: Well, if you were raised in a boarding school from the age of six thrown in with 150 other kids you would come out pretty independent. I had to have a big mouth, talent, and balls.

FLICK: And as far as your film allure is concerned, what is the secret of your success?

ANDREA: I have no gimmick. I've had a film on Broadway every week for as long as I can remember. Consistency is my motto because I have no gimmick. I don't know what deep throat is, and I'm not the Ivory Snow Girl—I'm a hard-working chick who is very sexy and sexual. I have a big sex drive; I'll admit it. Boys dig me, and I dig the boys, *and* the girls. I think I've had excellent promotion; my films have been above par. I have about 100 films in the can —some 40 features and the rest are one-day wonders as we call them, and then the films I put my name on because I know the audience will see dynamite sex or a good plot, something really worth the money. I care about my aduience. They are looking for sex. They want to be tantalized and intrigued. The hard-core crowd has been trained for come-shots. And if it's ever taken away from them you will hear a kick in New York and in L.A. ●



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